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Letters
from a Town
to a
Country
Woman
CHAS. E. DAWSON

Letters from a Town to a Country Woman

The Great Winter Sales

¶ It is just now, when the shopping carnival is at its height, that one begins to discover how materially the war has affected prices, and how marvellously all the big London shops and stores have combined to keep up their supplies under extremely trying circumstances. Incidentally, the altered conditions have done a great deal towards helping to foster several home industries that, before the war, suffered acutely from Continental competition. At the present moment shopping presents unique attractions, insomuch as many bargains are being offered; for there is little doubt but what the winter sales, which begin early in January, will present the most tempting sale lists that London has ever yet known. Women who are wise and look ahead will, therefore, do well to take the utmost advantage of what the present offers, and seize this opportunity of laying in a stock of really serviceable articles of all sorts and description. The reason for this is that it is an open secret that not only dress, but everything appertaining to household appointments, is destined to show a considerable increase in cost before long.

The Cheapest Market

¶ The best economy can therefore be practised by buying in what will be the cheapest market for some few weeks. Having regard to this, it is worth noting that styles having undergone so drastic a change during the past twelve months, it is safe to prophesy that fashion will not show any great alteration for some time to come; therefore one is perfectly safe in purchasing clothes with little fear of them going out of fashion. In the world of dress bargains promise to be particularly alluring, for the Winter sales are always productive of far less trash than those that end the Summer season. At times like the present, one finds really good model dresses and well-cut coats and skirts so substantially reduced that many are sold at prices that often do not represent half their original cost; also many good dressmakers make a practice of setting aside the next two months for making-up customers' own materials at reduced prices, so that bargains in high-class woollen stuffs, silks and velvets are well worth hunting for.

Where to Buy Coats and Skirts

¶ Every shop has its own speciality to attract the wise shopper during sale-time. Perhaps the best and most satisfactory bargains in coats and skirts are to be found at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, this firm having achieved so enviable a reputation for artistic tailored costumes of high-class variety. These costumes are made of the newest and most satisfactory materials, and during the sale season an opportunity occurs for customers to buy a great many model tailored costumes, which are fashioned of the best velour cloth or fine velvets. The majority of these models are smartly trimmed with collars and cuffs of fancy fur, and both as regards style and cut all are so absolutely up to date that they can be confidently recommended as well worth buying. Such costumes will not only make ideal visiting costumes for the early Spring, but will also do duty for Autumn wear. As has so often been pointed out, coats and skirts of this variety are always a sound investment, but never more so than at the present time, when a well-tailored costume has come to be regarded as the most appropriate and the smartest type of toilette for wear on almost every occasion.

Utility Tailor-made Costumes

¶ Here also will be found some utility tailor-made coats and skirts which will be greatly reduced in price. These are to be had made of serge or tweed, and are specially suitable for Country and sporting attire or for morning wear in Town. Coming from Debenham and Freebody's buyers, one need have no fear concerning either fit or style, as, no matter how cheap they are, clothes sold here can always be relied upon to be up to the high standard set by this firm, who are noted far and wide for the smart originality of their ready-made costumes and for their thoroughly sound workmanship. A point to be borne in mind is that at this shop one finds a practically unlimited choice of styles to select from, for although present-day fashions seem designed simply and solely for the *débutante,* Messrs. Debenham and Freebody always stock a quantity of costumes specially suited to the requirements of women who have passed their first youth and who require outside sizes of really smart and up-to-date design.

Furs and Fur-lined Coats

¶ Other bargains that the wise will avail themselves of during this sale are fur-lined overcoats of tweed or fine cloth luxuriously trimmed with heavy fur collars. Such coats are a speciality of this firm, as are also beautiful fur coats and wraps of all kinds. Indeed, some of the most tempting reductions of this sale are to be found in the fur department, as model coats of all kinds, ranging from natural and seal-dyed musquash to pony, caracul

and Persian lamb are greatly reduced, while a speciality is being made of muffs and stoles of the lovely white fox for which this firm has long been famous. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's furs are one of the soundest investments of the present time, as every kind of pelt has risen enormously in price this year, and threatens to be infinitely more expensive during the coming season. Everyone is rushing to secure furs at the present rates or to have existing fur garments altered and renovated before they become a practically prohibitive luxury.

French Fashions at their Best

¶ Another sale which must be brought to the special notice of readers is the one now being held at Paquin's in Dover Street. This famous house is always much in front of the fashions, and so undoubtedly leads the way for other firms to follow where both dress and millinery are concerned. The bargains offered here at sale-time, instead of representing the modes of yesterday, constitute really the fashions of to-morrow. Here will be found some exceedingly beautiful day and evening dresses designed with that consummate taste and skill which has made Madame Paquin famous as the dress expert *par excellence* of Paris and London; while a feature not to be lightly overlooked is that during the present sale this firm is disposing of a quantity of model gowns, which are to be sold for as many shillings as they cost pounds in the ordinary way.

Furs and French Lingerie

¶ Furs, opera wraps, carriage coats *de luxe,* and lovely French *lingerie*, as well as a quantity of exceptionally smart French model hats representing the latest Parisian styles, are all being disposed of at war prices at this sale, while special bargains are offered in those smart three-piece costumes and those alluringly simple little tailored suits which are one of the glories of this famous house, where one is always sure of finding real Paris novelties and real Parisian clothes of the best and the most artistic type.

Blue Wolf Stoles and Muffs

¶ Amongst so many bargains of the sale season nothing will create a bigger sensation than the offer of a limited number of beautiful blue-wolf stoles and muffs of ample proportions and great beauty which Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove are making a feature of. These furs are not only quite the most beautiful and richest of their kind to be found in London at the present moment, but during the sale they are going to be had at a very reduced price. The reason for this is that the skins were bought at exceptionally advantageous terms before furs rose so enormously in price last Spring. One has no hesitation in recommending these particular

furs as the bargain of the London sale season, as not only are all the skins of exceptional size and the fur very full and luxuriant, but it is so beautifully worked that it reminds one of the softest, silkiest type of fox. Black wolf mounted into large pillow muffs and the new whole-skin stoles of modern type, are also to be found here, reduced to specially low prices which bring them within the scope of almost any purchaser. Those who admire the fashionable skunk sets, which represent fashion's latest fad, will also do well to avail themselves of the opportunity which Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove offer during their sale for acquiring handsome skunk sets at a low price. Most of these goods are illustrated and priced in the sale catalogue issued by this firm, which will be sent post free to all readers. In this catalogue will also be found a special offer of some seal-dyed coney coats so beautifully worked that they are scarcely distinguishable from the fashionable dyed musquash.

Blouses and Tea-Gowns at Reduced Prices

¶ Other features of Marshall and Snelgrove's sale include a very large selection of beautiful blouses made from the best French models, and several new and original models designed exclusively for this firm. These will be substantially reduced in price, while the famous tea-gowns and tea-jackets made by this firm, and mentioned in these columns a few weeks ago, will likewise be enormously reduced during sale-time, as the buyers in every department are determined to clear out all their old stock in order to make room for their new Spring models, which, as usual, will provide the latest and most sensational developments in every department.

Dress-making at "Sale Prices"

¶ Messrs. Hughes and Starnes, the well-known dressmakers, of 62 South Molton Street, instead of holding a special sale this Winter will, from the middle of December to the end of January, make a special reduction in all dresses ordered by old and new customers. This firm makes a feature of delightful day and evening gowns and also undertakes the making of artistic coats and skirts, while they have been particularly successful over the new fur-trimmed overcoats *de luxe* for present-day wear. These are made in thick velour cloths, in duvetyn and plain and corduroy velveteen, as well as in those wonderful plush mohair "imitation" furs, beautifully marked to represent caracul and ponyskin. Such coats are far more satisfactory when made to order and far cheaper to buy; while the fact that they are specially cut to fit individual figures ensures them retaining their shape for a longer period than the ordinary ready-made variety.

Inexpensive Dressmaking

¶ The great characteristic of Messrs. Hughes and Starnes' work is that both as regards cut and style they are thoroughly up to date, while all their work is beautifully finished. Their prices are strictly moderate and all the materials they use are of first-class quality. For those in search of a thoroughly good dressmaker who turns out smart, inexpensive gowns that are really above the average, this firm cannot be too highly recommended. They are especially clever at executing moderately-priced trousseaux orders, and for those in want of mourning which has to be sent off in a hurry they will be found invaluable.

Shetland Wool for Warmth

¶ Once more attention is directed to the extraordinary warmth and comfort that is derived from real Shetland wool underclothing. So much so has this proved to be the case that large quantities of Shetland goods, so easy to pack and so light, are being sent out to our troops who are braving the cold in the trenches in Flanders and in France; while nothing proves more acceptable to our prisoners in Germany who suffer so intensely from the cold at this time of the year. Shetland cardigans, vests, pants, gloves, mufflers, and comforters are all in great demand, and are so appreciated that a large majority of donors now restrict their gifts entirely to this class of goods. The difficulty is to assure one getting the genuine article, as much of the so-called Shetland goods offered in shops is merely an imitation of this fine wool, which is so much lighter and so much warmer than any other kind. The need is so urgent that, even at the risk of repeating oneself, one ventures to again mention the name of Mrs. Williams, of 6 Iffley Road, Hammersmith, who, being a native of the Shetland Isles, gets her supply of wool straight from the cottage weavers. This lady has built up a wonderful reputation for inexpensive hand-made Shetland wool garments, and her list includes comforts specially suited for our troops at the Front and for convalescent and wounded men at home. For ladies' and children's wear she makes every type of underwear from vests to Shetland wool nightdresses, and those smart spenser bodices, so convenient for wearing under thin blouses, golf coats, or fur, or imitation fur coats used for motoring, driving, or travelling.

Reduced Table Linen

¶ Coming to household matters, the sales are equally valuable to women who wish to replenish their houses as those who have only their wardrobes to think about. At Debenham and Freebody's a great feature is being made of some quite exceptionally cheap table and household linen, which will be offered during the sale season at 25 per cent. under the original prices stated three

years ago. This really means an enormous reduction as, since the war, table linen, like everything else, has risen something like 25 per cent. in price. Other bargains in this department include a quantity of beautiful filet lace table-centres, table-mats, and chair-backs; while every conceivable type of household linen, from towels and sheets to elaborate bedspreads, have been marked down to "War Prices" that prove exceedingly tempting. A special catalogue of bargains in this direction has been printed, and will be sent post free to all who apply for one.

To Economise Coal

¶ This season with coal standing at what to so many people proves an almost prohibitive price all kinds of inventions for fuel-saving have been put upon the market. When all is said and done, however, the amount of coal one uses or saves really depends to a great extent upon the kind of grate one has to burn it in, for, as every housekeeper knows, one grate often burns double or treble the quantity of coal consumed by another.

Perhaps the most economical of all grates is that known as "The Devon Fires," ornamental fixtures of all styles, suitable for any fireplace, and one that would be in harmony with practically any style of room, that while burning the minimum amount of coal throws out the greatest possible amount of heat.

The great thing about the "Devon" grate is that, being a bow one, the heat it sends forth is evenly distributed about the room instead of, as in so many instances, being drawn up the chimney. Designed on the most scientific lines, the "Devon" grate has already proved the greatest success, and it enables its users to obtain the most satisfactory results in every case.

Readers who are anxious to economise coal, or those who have experienced difficulty in heating large, cold rooms or those whose architectural arrangements make them difficult to warm, are recommended to write direct to the "Devon" Fires Manufacturers, Candy and Co., Ltd., 27 Newman Street, Oxford Street, W., who will by return of post send them full particulars and advice free of cost.

An Asset for Housekeepers

¶ Just now, when the Christmas-party season is in full swing, one must bring to the notice of readers the value of the delicious brown bread known as Bermaline, which is so much in request for making sandwiches of every sort, and which is especially recommended by doctors as highly suitable for the nursery as well as the dining-room.

The chief merit of Bermaline bread is that it possesses remarkably nourishing and sustaining power, and is suitable for persons

whose digestion does not allow them to eat bread as a rule. Another quality of Bermaline is that it practically never grows stale—an asset that makes it invaluable to all housekeepers, for, unlike most brown bread, it retains its delicious cakelike flavour long after it is newly baked.

Readers who are interested and wish to test the value of this delicious bread can obtain a sample loaf free by writing to the Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow.

The Best Present for a Soldier

¶ Of all the many advertised gifts suitable for sending to the troops at home and abroad, nothing proves more acceptable at this time of the year than one of those compact and inexpensive pocket stoves known far and wide as "Tommy's Cooker." This universally popular invention is being sold by the hundred all over the United Kingdom, for it is really a pocket stove that can be carried anywhere and used under all conditions, with no fear of leakage or any of those dangers that accompany the ordinary spirit stove filled with liquid spirit. Solidified blocks of fuel that are lit with the same ease as methylated spirits and which cannot be blown out by wind or rain is the secret of this clever invention, that enables its possessor to boil soup, milk, or make tea, coffee, or cocoa under practically any conditions in the minimum space of time. Full particulars of the new stove can be had from the Tommy Cooker, Ltd., 31 Carburton Street, Great Portland Street, London, while the stoves themselves are obtainable everywhere.

MARY MARSH.

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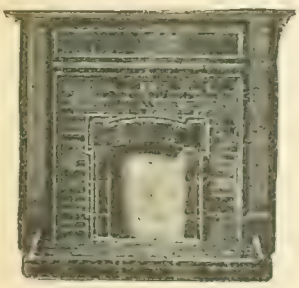

FIRESIDE CHEER

Have cheery rooms this winter. "Devon" Fires make rooms cosy and really homely, with a very small amount of fuel. "Devon" Fires throw all the heat into the room and burn the coal slowly until nothing but a mere handful of cinders and ash remains. There's real fireside cheer and sound economy for you if you instal "Devon" Fires. "Devon" Fires are designed to suit all styles of architecture and to fit in with any colour scheme. The prices are strictly moderate.

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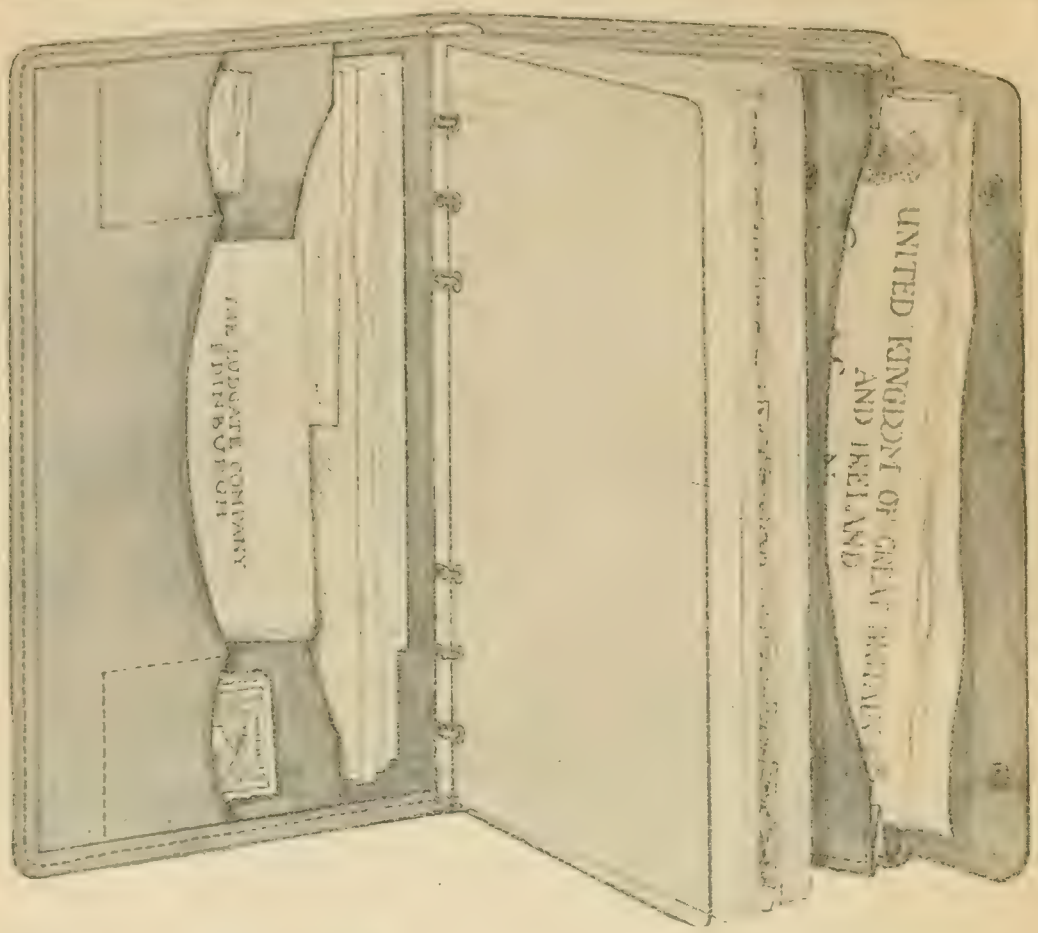

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The 'Wylkedin' Weathercoats are tailor-cut and made. They are lined in shoulders and sleeves with Satin, and the style and finish of each garment mirrors the touch of the tailor.

AGENTS ARE WANTED
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Index to Vol. XXI.

(August to December, 1915.)

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EDINBURGH

SCOTLAND'S GREAT CAPITAL

THE majority of people, even those who regularly visit Edinburgh, do not know this magnificent city in its real colours of to-day. True enough it has attractions which have adorned history and provided inspiration for great writers, and it has geographical advantages that appeal to the intellectual person on pleasure bent. Edinburgh is a beautiful city which nature has placed in a splendid position and events have endowed with history. The glories of romance and the beauties of nature have combined to give to Edinburgh a claim for attention that is unique.

BUT Edinburgh is not solely a show place nor a museum of historical relics. There are traditions and stirring history behind the city, but they do not form the sole reasons for notice. Edinburgh is a live city to-day, with big industries and many factories and large business undertakings, and Edinburgh will be still more important in this direction as time goes on. The present generation of commercial men who have the good fortune to be in Edinburgh have resolved to work for the future and take advantage of the past.

THIS special Advertising Supplement is some little evidence of this. It has been got together by a few of Edinburgh's most enterprising business men—all of them active members of that virile organisation called The Rotary Club — in order to give a little reminder about their magnificent city, and to make known that Edinburgh is the place for intelligent people to spend their holiday, and for enterprising business men to carry on their vocations.

AS the spokesman for this little coterie of men who want to do something, I ask that you will read each advertisement carefully, grasp the offers contained in each, and then, if you wish to know something more about any particular aspect of Edinburgh in which you may be interested, or why Edinburgh offers unique advantages to a business man or a new industry, write to me personally, and I will supply the information.

G. E. WHITEHOUSE 76 HANOVER STREET EDINBURGH

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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A correspondent writes :

"Just a line to congratulate you on your weekly issues since the War began. It is my intention to keep them and bind them. Others may prefer the elaborate pictorial records which are appearing in great numbers, but those who wish for a plain, sane, unvarnished story of the great war week by week told in good, common-sense English can't do better than secure the WEEKLY WESTMINSTER."

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Having in vain tried so many of the advertised "easily digested nourishments" I can assure you it was in a very sceptical frame of mind that I tried your "P.R." Biscuits, *and was most astonished to find they did not upset me.* Then I decided to persevere with them, and for about six months have taken no other solid food, with the gratifying result that my general health has greatly improved, have put on flesh and feel I am at last being nourished instead of half starved as formerly. *In fact the improvement altogether is little short of marvellous.* The "P.R." Biscuits certainly deserve all you claim for them, and I hope other invalids like myself will try them."

Deal, Kent, Dec. 8, 1915.

¶ *Small Box Samples, with full details, post paid, 9d. or Special Trial Parcel, full value, 5/- carriage paid in U.K. The Wallace "P.R." Foods Co., Ltd. 48 Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, London, N.*

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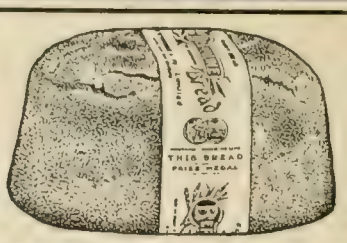

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JANUARY, 1916

Envoi

By Edmund John

You did not turn away your fragrant head,
Your eyes were brown, as yesterday, although
There was no greeting in the words they said,
Wanly. I think you smiled; you could not know
I suddenly saw the piteous rose was dead.

You did not shrink away when I drew near,
But you no longer leaned and crept my way;
And in your eyes I saw a shade of fear,
Though when I asked, you kissed me—and there lay
Upon my lips ashes of yester-year.

You are not vain and heartless, only young!
—Too young to bear the weight of such a love
As my heart sought in you, bled for, and wrung
From night's deep lakes and burning stars above—
Such love it was at your fleet feet I flung.

Ah, God! Ah, God! a week ago you lay
Here slim and smooth and lithe, like a gold flame
Imprisoned in my arms—flame that must slay
Or save. How should you know?—I have no blame
For you, who wrought my soul deep wrong that day.

I cannot plead, my lips have grown too pale;
I cannot beg for gifts; I will go out
In silence, weaving around my heart a veil,
Covering it up, and wrapping all about
My soul a steel-bright coat of icy mail.

I will blot out the shining of your eyes,
The flaming of your lips, the moonlit ways,
Your clear voice singing from the dead Julys—
I will walk through the bitter nights and days
Smiling, as all men smile who agonize.

The Cry of a Century

By Richard Middleton and Edgar Jepson

The Infant Phenomenon stood outside the Brixton Theatre of Varieties waiting, with his hands in his pockets, for his mother who did not come. It was ten o'clock, and he had finished his turn and left the theatre at half-past nine; but he still stood there, unregarded by the passers-by who laughed, or scowled, or blundered past him. For, off the stage, he was only a rather pinched and very tired little boy of eleven, in no way catching the eye like the amazing cherub in purple velveteen knickerbockers who smiled fatuously upon the world from the hoardings.

The night was very cold, and it was the first time his mother had failed to meet him after his performance was over, so that it is quite likely that he would have wept if he had not been so wise. As it was, he kicked the pavement with the toes of his boots, which were protected or armoured with discs of metal, and wished that he had twopence for his tram fare home. He knew that he could borrow it from the manager, but he did not like to ask because it might impair that dignity of the artist which he had been taught to consider the final virtue of boys of talent. So he continued to wait for the mother who did not come, and felt very cold and very sleepy and very nearly what an ordinary boy would have felt in the same plight.

It was too far to walk, and he was beginning to think that perhaps after all he would have to borrow the twopence; and his tired eyes strayed up and down the reach of pavement on either hand, seeking an alternative. It presented itself sooner than he might have expected: a large red motor-car drew up to the kerb in front of him, and a man dressed regally in furs climbed in:

"Right away through Streatham," he said to the chauffeur.

Here surely was a chance for a boy of spirit. There

was a bright flicker of the dying boyishness in the Infant Phenomenon; he took one final glance along the pavement for his mother, and then scrambled up behind as the car started off.

It was one of those sensible cars with a broad ledge at the back for little boys to rest on. If it had a fault, it was that it was too comfortable, and he felt very much inclined to sleep. He stretched himself out luxuriously, and for three or four minutes lay admiring the swift progress of the car and watching the chain of lights unwind between his nods. Once when the car slowed down in the traffic he recognised, with a shiver, a little boy smiling fatuously down from a hoarding, a little boy in ridiculous knickerbockers of purple velveteen. And then he fell asleep.

When he woke up, cramped and stiff with cold, the motor-car had stopped before a brightly-lit porch, and windows gleamed to right and left. Round about were great black trees which the boy knew to be cedars, and overhead was that wonderful width of stars which means the country.

Near at hand the man in the fur cloak was regarding his sparkling eyes, bright with the dews of sleep, with amazement.

"Hello," said the boy, "have we passed Streatham?"

"Thirty-seven miles back; and we did it under the hour, if you know what that means?"

"Gracious!" said the boy, faintly.

"Come indoors, and we'll talk it over," said the man.

The boy tried to climb down, but he was too stiff; and the man took hold of him and lifted him lightly on to his feet in the porch.

"Goodness, but you're cold!" he said; and peering down at him he added, "But I seem to know your face."

"I'm the Marvel of the Twentieth Century," the boy said dully.

"Oh!" The man whistled. "I know. The Queen of Bohemia patted you on the head and said——"

"She didn't really," the boy interrupted, pettishly. "They made that up. What she said was: 'Run away and play, you poor little devil!' It was silly; I'm too old for play."

"Do you know, I'm inclined to agree with her. But come along in, and we'll talk about that too," said the man.

He took hold of the boy's hand and led him into the house. A great fire of cedar logs was blazing in the hall, and in front of it a girl was waiting with expectant, welcoming eyes.

"George!" she cried. "And——" She looked at the boy in a speechless amazement.

"I culled this on the way," said George. "Let me introduce you. The Marvel of the Twentieth Century—Mistress Dorothy of Cedar Hill."

The girl's eyes shone with kindliness, and, holding out both hands to the boy, she said laughing:

"I can't call you all that. I shall call you Marvel."

The boy was staring at her intently; and the people whose duty it was to teach him all his terrible knowledge would have discerned that he was learning her by heart.

"I have seen you in a picture," he said reflectively. "That dress is eighteenth century—1710 to 1750."

"Is he English?" said Mistress Dorothy, suspiciously.

George nodded.

"They do this sort of thing in England nowadays," he said.

"Poor little mortal!" she said softly.

"What does it mean?" cried the boy. "This dress—it's too old—it isn't right——"

"There are some things you don't know yet, sonny," said George. "It's a sort of birthday—a night for keeping memories—a night for old ghosts."

"Psychic phenomena only credited by the superstitious, originating with the Fox family," said the boy, in a tone of challenge.

"I say supper," said George, inconsequently. "Supper and hot punch for both of us."

"Supper's ready, and the things for the punch!" said Dorothy, clapping her hands. "Come along, Marvel, and tell us how to brew it."

At supper the boy gave Dorothy three recipes for making punch, and told her which Charles James Fox had liked best.

"The green tea should not stand too long," he said.

She looked at him earnestly, wondering.

"Won't your mother be worried about you?" she said.

"I should think she would be!" he answered, with quick conviction. "I'm worth four pounds ten a week."

They asked him no more questions.

The warmth and food loosened his tongue, and for the rest of the meal he told them many things, including one which he did not know himself: how very much of a little boy's life four pounds ten a week costs.

"Of course, I'm too old for sweets; but I think it's very kind of the people who come to ask questions to send me so many."

Supper was finished and the punch was brewed, and George said, gravely: "I suppose we'd better go right to Rupert's room and drink it there."

Dorothy nodded. "There's a good fire," she said.

"Why is it called Rupert's room?" said the boy. "Is it after Prince Rupert?"

"No," said Dorothy. "Rupert was a little boy."

"I don't think I like little boys," he said with his sage, reflective air. "They're so silly. Why did they call the room after him?"

"It's rather a long story," said Dorothy, quietly. "It's his birthday to-day; and this is the day he died, nearly a hundred and fifty years ago."

"And that's why you're wearing that dress to-night?"

"Yes; it was his mother's. He thought it very pretty, so she used to wear it on his birthday."

"It *is* very pretty," said the boy. "I like it very much, though, of course, it's rather faded."

They walked up the broad stairs to the first landing and along to the end of a corridor, where a door stood open into a long, low room, with panels dark with age, and a wide window opening on to a balcony. Through it gleamed strange shapes of cedars touched by the moon. Over the great fireplace many-branched candlesticks lighted up the portrait of a handsome boy dressed in black velvet; but for the rest the room was given up to gently confused shadows and reflections.

On the threshold the boy paused, frowning.

"What's the matter?" said George, gently.

"I don't know," he said. "I feel a little queer—there's something about this room—in my head, you know."

George glanced at Dorothy over his head and muttered with a whimsical smile: "Psychic phenomena."

"I'm not afraid," said the boy, walking into the room. "It's the supper. I don't often eat so much supper as that."

Neither took up his challenge; and they all sat down before the fire, the boy in the middle. Huddled in the great armchair, now and again in the deceiving firelight he looked an old, old man shrivelled and withered almost to a dwarf. A heavy drop of water was falling on to the leaden-floored balcony with the sound of a muffled slow footfall.

"It's a pity you're too old to sit in my lap," said Dorothy, gently.

"I'm not a baby," he said, surprised.

"I'm afraid you're not," she sighed.

He turned away impatiently, sipped his punch, and his eyes rested on the picture over the fireplace.

"So that's Rupert," he said. "He was handsome. Why, he's like you!" And he turned his eyes again on Dorothy's face.

"It seems strange—a little boy like that," she said. "But he was my great, great—I don't know how many greats—grand-uncle. He died when he was eleven years old."

"How did he die?"

Dorothy looked across to George, and he shook his head.

"It doesn't seem fair to tell you," she said.

"Why not?" he asked quickly.

Dorothy bent her head so that the firelight touched her cheek with crimson; and the sound of the dull footfall on the balcony quickened to a patter and slowed again.

"You see, he was only an ordinary little boy, Marvel, not at all like you, and—I'm afraid you wouldn't understand."

The boy seemed to sink back into the shadow of the great armchair, and was quiet for a minute or two; and the footfall on the balcony came very slow. Then, with a certain steadiness of speech that seemed to show him still thinking as he spoke, he said to Dorothy:

"It's rather funny my being here at all, and there's

something about this room—I feel uncomfortable, I don't know why. And then there's that dress with the flowers on it. It doesn't really matter, of course. I've seen things like it before. But it seems somehow as if I could see it more plainly than anything else. And I want to hear about Rupert too. I think it is because he has such a handsome face. If you tell me, I think I shall understand."

The footfall on the balcony stopped, and there was a sudden rustle among the branches of the cedars stirred by some gust.

Dorothy gazed at the strained face, surely a little wizened in the firelight, and then she looked down at the flowers of silk trailing across the old dress.

"It's only a little story because he was only a little boy," she said. "But somehow it seems important to us who are of his family, you know. We call this Rupert's room; but we might very well call it Rupert's house. It's all his—all."

"But he's dead," said the boy in incredulous protest.

She did not heed it, but went on: "He lived here all alone with his mother. His father lived in London. He was not a good man; and Rupert had hardly ever seen him. So he lived here with his mother; and he was very happy except for one thing: he sometimes felt lonely because he had no one to play with."

She paused, but the boy's face was set: there was no room for play in his scheme of life. And a drop fell on the balcony with the sound of a hasty step.

"Do you ever say your prayers?"

The boy shifted uneasily in his chair.

"I don't know," he said with a frown.

Dorothy wrung her hands among the silk flowers.

"Well, the night before he was eleven years old Rupert prayed that a friend might come to play with him—What is it?"

She broke off suddenly, for the boy had twisted sharply in his chair and was looking with wide-open eyes towards the window.

"I thought I heard a footstep in the room," he said in a hushed voice. "It must have been the boards contracting with the heat."

Dorothy looked across at George with shining eyes, and George smiled back.

"If you say Psychic Phenomena, I shall hate you!" the boy cried to him with sudden, quite unlooked-for violence.

There was a queer pause, and when a blazing brand fell on the hearth they all started.

"Well, his birthday came, and all day he kept leaving the toys his mother had given him and running down to the big door to see if his play-friend were coming. And when the night came and he had not arrived, he made up his mind that he would come with the carol-singers. He was only a little boy, Marvel, and not clever like you."

She paused; the boy said nothing; and they all listened for a moment to hear—if the boards were contracting.

"In the evening his mother wore her pretty dress, because he thought it pretty and it was his birthday."

"That dress?" the boy interrupted.

"Yes; this dress. And they sat here in front of the fire waiting for the carol-singers, who always came on Rupert's birthday, because it was a treat for Rupert to sit up and hear them. We have them still on his birthday; you'll hear them presently. You know what carol-singers are?"

"Yes; old English custom—generally known as Waits—go on!" said the boy impatiently.

"It is only a little story. When the carol-singers came Rupert ran out on the balcony to look for his play-friend. And the carol-singers singing below saw him hold out his hands as if to welcome someone and heard him cry out joyfully. And then he slipped and pitched forward over the low parapet on to the stones below."

"And so he died," said the boy softly.

"He died in his mother's arms in this room half-an-hour afterwards. And while he lay there dying he told her that he had seen a little boy with a beautiful face standing under the cedars smiling up at him. But the carol-singers said that no boy was there. And so——"

"I don't believe it!" cried the boy hotly. "It's all a stupid story! How could he have seen him if he wasn't there?"

"We believe it," said Dorothy, looking up at the picture. "And the old people about Cedar Hill say——"

"What's that?" cried the boy with a start.

For a minute they were silent.

"I think," said George gravely, "the boards must be con——"

But the carol-singers interrupted him. Their voices, a man's and a woman's, rose clear in the old Derbyshire carol :—

"As it fell out one May morning.
One bright holiday,
Sweet Jesus asked of His dear mother
If He might go to play.
'To play, to play, sweet Jesus shall go,
And to play now get you gone,
And let me hear of no complaint
At night when you come home.'"

"I told them to come," said Dorothy.

George nodded : "Let's go and look at them," he said.

They all went to the window; and George opened it so that the sound of the carol swelled suddenly.

They stood looking down at the singers, and George, nodding towards the corner of the balcony, said : "That's where he fell."

The boy leaned out eagerly; and they heard him catch his breath. And then with a shrill scream he ran back into the room.

"I've forgotten!" he cried. "I've forgotten how to play!"

"What is it? said George hoarsely.

But the boy was on his knees with his face in his hands, sobbing helplessly.

"I've forgotten! Oh, I've forgotten!"

Dorothy bent down and lifted him gently in her arms and sat down in the armchair before the fire, hushing and soothing him. But the tears of several years of dry-eyed childhood are not wept in a minute; and the boy was still sobbing when he fell asleep.

George watched her carry him away, even as that other Dorothy had carried her boy to bed on his birthday in that earlier century.

And he stood wondering till the carol-singers had gone and the fire had lost its flames and was a dull glow on the

hearth over which Rupert stood smiling proudly in his new black velvet suit. But George was thinking of that other little boy whose purple velveteen knickerbockers troubled half London from the hoardings.

At length Dorothy came back, the old dress rustling softly about her as she walked.

"He's fast asleep," she said. "Poor little Marvel."

"Poor little Twentieth Century," said George.

And while they stood there with compassionate faces it seemed as if the boards were contracting once more.

Early Memories*

By W. H. Hudson

The happiest time of my boyhood was at that early period, a little past the age of six, when I had my own pony to ride on, and was allowed to stay on his back just as long and go as far from home as I liked. I was like the young bird when on first quitting the nest it suddenly becomes conscious of its power to fly. My early flying days were, however, soon interrupted, when my mother took me on my first visit to Buenos Ayres; that is to say, the first I remember, as I must have been taken there once before as an infant in arms, since we lived too far from town for any missionary-clergyman to travel all that distance just to baptise me. Buenos Ayres is now the wealthiest, most populous, Europeanised city in South America: what it was like at that time these glimpses into a far past will serve to show. Coming as a small boy of an exceptionably impressible mind, from that green plain where people lived the simple pastoral life, everything I saw in the city impressed me deeply, and the sights which impressed me the most are as vivid in my mind to-day as they ever were. I was a solitary little boy in my rambles about the streets, for though I had a younger brother who was my only playmate, he was not yet five, and too small to keep me company in my walks. Nor did I mind having no one with me. Very, very early in my boyhood I had acquired the habit of going about alone to amuse myself in my own way, and it was only after years, when my age was about twelve, that my mother told me how anxious this singularity in me used to make her. She would miss me when looking out to see what the children were doing, and I would be called and searched for, to be found hidden away somewhere in the plantation. Then she began to keep an eye on me, and when I was observed stealing off

* See English Review, June, 1912.

she would secretly follow and watch me, standing motionless among the tall weeds or under the trees by the half-hour, staring at vacancy. This distressed her very much; then to her great relief and joy she discovered that I was there with a motive which she could understand and appreciate: that I was watching some living thing, an insect, perhaps, but oftener a bird—a pair of little scarlet fly-catchers building a nest of lichen on a peach tree, or some such beautiful thing. And as she loved all living things herself she was quite satisfied that I was not going queer in my head, for that was what she had been fearing.

The strangeness of the streets was a little too much for me at the start, and I remember that on first venturing out by myself a little distance from home I got lost. In despair of ever finding my way back I began to cry, hiding my face against a post at a street corner, and was there soon surrounded by quite a number of passers-by; then a policeman came up with brass buttons on his blue coat and a sword at his side, and taking me by the arm he asked me in a commanding voice where I lived—the name of the street and the number of the house. I couldn't tell him; then I began to get frightened at him on account of his sword and big black moustache and loud rasping voice, and suddenly ran away, and after running for about six or eight minutes found myself back at home to my surprise and joy.

The house where we stayed with English friends was near the front, or what was then the front, that part of the city which faced the Plata river, a river which was like the sea, with no visible shore beyond; and like the sea it was tidal, and differed only in its colour, which was a muddy red instead of blue or green. The house was roomy, and like most of the houses at that date had a large courtyard paved with red tiles and planted with small lemon trees and flowering shrubs of various kinds. The streets were straight and narrow, paved with round boulder stones the size of a football, the pavements with brick or flagstones, and so narrow they would hardly admit of more than two persons walking abreast. Along the pavements on each side of the street were rows of posts placed at a distance of ten yards apart. These strange-looking rows of posts, which foreigners laughed to see, were no doubt the remains of yet ruder times when ropes of hide were stretched along the side of the

pavements to protect the foot-passengers from run-away horses, wild cattle driven by wild men from the plains, and other dangers of the narrow streets. As they were then paved the streets must have been the noisiest in the world, on account of the immense numbers of big springless carts in them. Imagine the thunderous racket made by a long procession of these carts, when they were returning empty, and the drivers, as was often the case, urged their horses to a gallop and they bumped and thundered over the big, round stones!

Just opposite the house we stayed at there was a large church, one of the largest of the numerous churches of the city, and one of my most vivid memories relates to a great annual festival at the church, that of the patron saint's day. It had been open to worshippers all day, but the chief service was held about three o'clock in the afternoon; at all events, it was at that hour when a great attendance of fashionable people took place. I watched them as they came in couples—families and small groups, in every case the ladies, beautifully dressed, attended by their cavaliers. At the door of the church the gentleman would make his bow and withdraw to the street before the building, where a sort of outdoor gathering was formed of all those who had come as escorts to the ladies, and where they would remain until the service was over. The crowd in the street grew and grew until there were about four or five hundred gentlemen, mostly young, in the gathering, all standing in small groups, conversing in an animated way, so that the street was filled with the loud humming sound of their blended voices. These men were all natives, all of the good or upper class of the native society, and all dressed exactly alike in the fashion of that time. It was their dress and the uniform appearance of so large a number of persons, most of them with bright, young, handsome faces, that fascinated me and kept me on the spot gazing at them until the big bells began to thunder at the conclusion of the service and the immense concourse of gaily-dressed ladies swarmed out, and immediately the meeting broke up, the gentlemen hurrying back to meet them.

They all wore silk hats and the glossiest black broadcloth, not even a pair of trousers of any other shade was

seen; and all wore the scarlet silk or fine cloth waistcoat which, at that period, was considered the right thing for every citizen of the republic to wear; also, in lieu of a buttonhole, a scarlet ribbon pinned to the lapel of the coat. It was a pretty sight, and the concourse reminded me of the appearance on the grassy plain of a flock of military starlings, a black or dark-plumaged bird with a scarlet breast, one of my feathered favourites.

My rambles were almost always on the front, since I could walk there a mile or two from home, north or south, without getting lost, always with the vast expanse of water on one hand, with many big ships looking dim in the distance, and numerous lighters or berlanders coming from them with cargoes of merchandise which they unloaded into carts, these going out a quarter of a mile in the shallow water to meet them. Then there were the water-carts going and coming in scores and hundreds, for at that period there was no water supply to the houses, and every householder had to buy muddy water by the bucket at his own door from the watermen.

One of the most attractive spots to me was the congregating place of the *lavanderas*, south of my street. Here on the broad beach under the cliff one saw a whiteness like a white cloud, covering the ground for a space of about a third of a mile; and the cloud, as one drew near, resolved itself into innumerable garments, sheets and quilts, and other linen pieces, fluttering from long lines and covering the low rocks washed clean by the tide and the stretches of green turf between. It was the spot where the washerwomen were allowed to wash all the dirty linen of Buenos Ayres in public. All over the ground the women, mostly negresses, were seen on their knees beside the pools among the rocks, furiously scrubbing and pounding away at their work, and like all negresses they were exceedingly vociferous, and their loud gabble, mingled with yells and shrieks of laughter, reminded me of the hubbub made by a great concourse of gulls, ibises, godwits, geese, and other noisy water-fowl on some marshy lake. It was a wonderfully animated scene, and drew me to it again and again: I found, however, that it was necessary to go warily among these women, as they looked with suspicion at idling boys, and sometimes, when I picked

my way among the spread garments, I was sharply ordered off. Then, too, they often quarrelled over their right to certain places and spaces among themselves; then very suddenly their hilarious gabble would change to wild cries of anger and torrents of abuse. By and by I discovered that their greatest rages and worst language was when certain young gentlemen of the upper classes visited the spot to amuse themselves by baiting the negresses. The young gentleman would saunter about in an absent-minded manner and presently walk right on to a beautifully embroidered and belaced nightdress or other dainty garment spread out to dry on the sward or rock, and, standing on it, calmly proceed to take out and light a cigarette. Instantly the black virago would be on her feet confronting him and pouring out a torrent of her most obscene expressions and deadliest curses. He in a pretended rage would reply in even worse language. That would put her on her mettle; for now all her friends and foes scattered about the ground would suspend their work to listen with all their ears; and the contest of words growing louder and fiercer would last until the combatants were both exhausted and unable to invent any more new and horrible expressions of opprobrium to hurl at each other. Then the insulted young gentleman would kick the garment away in a fury and, hurling the unfinished cigarette in his adversary's face, he would walk off with his nose in the air.

I laugh to recall these unseemly word-battles on the beach, but they were shocking to me when I first heard them as a small, innocent-minded boy, and it only made the case worse when I was assured that the young gentleman was only acting a part, that the extreme anger he exhibited, which might have served as an excuse for using such language, was all pretence.

Another favourite pastime of these same idle, rich young gentlemen offended me as much as the one I have related. The night-watchmen, called *Serenos*, of that time interested me in an extraordinary way. When night came it appeared that the fierce policemen, with their swords and brass buttons, were no longer needed to safeguard the people, and their place in the streets was taken by a quaint, frowsy-looking body of men, mostly old, some almost decrepid, wearing big cloaks and carrying

staffs and heavy iron lanterns with a tallow candle alight inside. But what a pleasure it was to lie awake at night and listen to their voices calling the hours! The calls began at the stroke of eleven, and then from beneath the window would come the wonderful long drawling call of *Las oń—ce han dá—do y se—ré—no*, which means eleven of the clock and all serene, but if clouded the concluding word would be *nu—blá—do*, and so on, according to the weather. From all the streets, from all over the town, the long-drawn calls would float to my listening ears, with infinite variety in the voices—the high and shrill, the falsetto, the harsh, raucous note like the caw of the carrion crow, the solemn, booming bass, and then some fine, rich, pure voice that soared heavenwards above all the others and was like the pealing notes of an organ.

I loved the poor night-watchmen and their cries, and it grieved my little soft heart to hear that it was considered fine sport by the rich young gentlemen to sally forth at night and do battle with them, and to deprive them of their staffs and lanterns, which they took home and kept as trophies.

One day I witnessed a very strange thing, the action of a dog, by the waterside. It was evening and the beach was forsaken: cartmen, fishermen, boatmen all gone, and I was the only idler left on the rocks; but the tide was coming in, rolling quite big waves on to the rocks, and the novel sight of the waves, the freshness, the joy of it, kept me at that spot, standing on one of the outermost rocks not yet washed over by the water. By and by a gentleman, followed by a big dog, came down on to the beach and stood at a distance of forty or fifty yards from me, while the dog bounded forward over the flat, slippery rocks and through pools of water until he came to my side, and sitting on the edge of the rock began gazing intently down at the water. He was a big, shaggy, round-headed animal, with a greyish coat with some patches of light reddish colour on it; what his breed was I cannot say, but he looked somewhat like a sheep-dog or an otter-hound. Suddenly he plunged in, quite disappearing from sight, but quickly reappeared with a big shad of about three and a half or four pounds' weight in his jaws. Climbing on to the rock he dropped the fish, which he did not appear

to have injured much, as it began floundering about in an exceedingly lively manner. I was astonished and looked back at the dog's master; but there he stood in the same place, smoking and paying no attention to what his animal was doing. Again the dog plunged in and brought out a second big fish and dropped it on the flat rock, and again and again he dived, until there were five big shads all floundering about on the wet rock and likely soon to be washed back into the water.

The shad is a common fish in the Plata and the best to eat of all its fishes, resembling the salmon in its rich flavour, and is eagerly watched for when it comes up from the sea by the Buenos Ayres fishermen, just as our fishermen watch for mackerel on our coasts. But on this evening the beach was deserted by everyone, watchers included, and the fish came and swarmed along the rocks, and there was no one to catch them—not even some poor, hungry idler to pounce upon and carry off the five fishes the dog had captured. One by one I saw them washed back into the water, and presently the dog, hearing his master whistling to him, bounded away.

For many years after this incident I failed to find anyone who had ever seen or heard of a dog catching fish. Eventually, in reading, I met with an account of fishing dogs in Newfoundland and other countries.

One other strange adventure met with on the front remains to be told. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, and I was on the parade, walking north, pausing from time to time to look over the sea-wall to watch the flocks of small birds that came to feed on the beach below. Presently my attention was drawn to a young man walking on before me, pausing and peering too from time to time over the wall, and when he did so throwing something at the small birds. I ran on and overtook him, and was rather taken aback at his wonderfully fine appearance. He was like one of the gentlemen of the gathering before the church, described a few pages back, and wore a silk hat and fashionable black coat and trousers and scarlet silk waistcoat; he was also a remarkably handsome young gentleman, with a golden-brown curly beard and moustache and dark liquid eyes that studied my face with a half-amused curiosity when I looked up at him. In one hand

he carried a washleather bag by its handle; it was full of round selected pebbles, and holding a pebble in his right hand he watched the birds, the small parties of crested song-sparrows, yellow house-sparrows, siskins, field-finches, and other kinds, and from time to time he would hurl a pebble at the bird he had singled out forty yards down below us on the rocks. I did not see him actually hit a bird, but his precision was amazing, for almost invariably the missile, thrown from such a distance at so minute an object, appeared to graze the feathers and to miss killing by but the fraction of an inch.

I followed him for some distance, my wonder and curiosity growing every minute to see such a superior-looking person engaged in such a pastime. For it is a fact that the natives do not persecute small birds; on the contrary, they despise the aliens in the land who shoot and trap them. Besides, if he wanted small birds for any purpose, why did he try to get them by throwing pebbles at them? As he did not order me off, but looked in a kindly way at me every little while with a slight smile on his face, I at length ventured to tell him that he would never get a bird that way—that it would be impossible at that distance to hit one with a small pebble. "Oh, no, not impossible," he returned, smiling and walking on, still with an eye on the rocks. "Well, you haven't hit one yet," I was bold enough to say; and at that he stopped, and putting his finger and thumb in his waistcoat pocket he pulled out a dead male siskin and put it in my hands.

This was the bird called "goldfinch" by the English resident in La Plata, and to the Spanish it is also gold-finch; it is, however, a siskin, *Chrysomitris magellanica*, and has a velvet-black head, the rest of its plumage being black, green, and shining yellow. It was one of my best-loved birds, but I had never had one in my hand, dead or alive, before, and now its wonderful unimagined loveliness, its graceful form, and the exquisitely pure flower-like yellow hue affected me with a delight so keen that I could hardly keep from tears.

After gloating a few moments over it, touching it with my finger-tips and opening the little black and gold wings, I looked up pleadingly and begged him to let me keep it. He smiled and shook his head: he would not waste his

breath talking; all his energy was to be spent in hurling pebbles at other lovely little birds.

"Oh, señor, will you not give it to me?" I pleaded still; and then, with sudden hope, "Are you going to sell it?"

He laughed, and taking it from my hand put it back in his waistcoat pocket; then, with a pleasant smile and a nod to say that the interview was now over, he went on his way.

Standing at the spot where he left me, and still bitterly regretting that I had failed to get the bird, I watched him until he disappeared from sight in the distance, walking towards the suburb of Palermo; and a mystery he remains to this day, the one and only Argentine gentleman, a citizen of the Athens of South America, amusing himself by killing little birds with pebbles. But I do not know that it was an amusement. He had perhaps in some wild moment made a vow to kill so many siskins in that way, or a bet to prove his skill in throwing a pebble; or he might have been practising a cure for some mysterious deadly malady, prescribed by some wandering physician from Bagdad or Ispahan; or, more probable still, some heartless, soulless woman he was in love with had imposed this fantastical task on him.

Perhaps the most wonderful thing I saw during that first eventful visit to the capital was the famed Don Eusebio, the court jester or fool of the President or Dictator Rosas, the "Nero of South America," who lived in his palace at Palermo, just outside the city. I had been sent with my sisters and little brother to spend the day at the house of an Anglo-Argentine family in another part of the town, and we were in the large courtyard playing with the children of the house when someone opened a window above us and called out, "Don Eusebio!" That conveyed nothing to me, but the little boys of the house knew what was meant; it meant that if we went quickly out to the street we might catch a glimpse of the great man in all his glory. At all events, they jumped up, flinging their toys away, and rushed to the street door, and we after them. Coming out we found quite a crowd of lookers-on, and then down the street, in his general's dress—for it was one of the Dictator's little jokes to make his fool a

general—all scarlet, with a big scarlet three-cornered hat surmounted by an immense aigrette of scarlet plumes, came Don Eusebio. He marched along with tremendous dignity, his sword at his side, and twelve soldiers, also in scarlet, his bodyguard, walking six on each side of him with drawn swords in their hands.

We gazed with joyful excitement at this splendid spectacle, and it made it all the more thrilling when one of the boys whispered in my ear that if any person in the crowd laughed or made any insulting or rude remark, he would be instantly cut to pieces by the guard. And they looked truculent enough for anything.

The great Rosas himself I did not see, but it was something to have had this momentary sight of General Eusebio, his fool, on the eve of his fall after a reign of over twenty years during which he proved himself one of the bloodiest as well as the most original minded of the Caudillos and Dictators, and altogether, perhaps, the greatest of those who have climbed into power in this continent of republics and revolutions.

Deep Down

By Richard Curle

On the first day of the term Mr. Burgess, the new master, took the boys a walk they had never been before. About a mile from home they suddenly left the road and skirted along the side of a big field by a muddy footpath.

"We'll see where it leads to," said Mr. Burgess, who felt that he ought to do something to break the universal air of gloom.

The small boys, who had been walking alongside of him in a despondent cluster, visibly brightened.

"Come on, then," said Mr. Burgess heartily; "we'll go on a voyage of discovery. I haven't the least idea where it will take us."

Nobody said a word, though everybody, except the new master, knew exactly where it would take them. It would take them right to the mouth of the tunnel and then along the edge of the cutting to Dakin's Farm, and so out to the Well Road. They knew it, not because they had ever been there, but because, being a notoriously forbidden place for a walk, its every feature was a sort of school tradition. Old Glossop would no more have allowed a master to take boys along that path than he would have allowed him to give them cigarettes. That was a commonplace; and yet here was one of them doing it on the very first day! The boys looked at one another and at Burgess with a fearful joy. "He's forgotten to tell him," ran from mouth to mouth. It was true: he *had* forgotten to tell him. The excellent Mr. Burgess was striding ahead with as clear a conscience as though he were still upon the dreary high road.

He was an eccentric man, rather kind, who regarded boys as inhuman, and whose only interest in life was the study of the Patristic writings. He had been engaged for years upon a commentary on the Fathers which was to astonish the theologians and scholars of Europe. He con-

sidered schoolmastering, into which he had been driven by poverty, as a bore, and he tried to get through the terms with as little worry to himself as possible. Indeed, he lived in a world of his own and was seldom properly aware of what was going on around him. That was why headmasters did not care to keep him for long, and why he had drifted from one small preparatory school to another during the last seventeen years. He was invariably popular with boys because he interfered little with them and because he used, now and then, to tell them stories about marvellous fish he had caught in Tasmania—where he had once lived for a short time on account of his lungs.

"Now then, boys, hurry up," he cried, looking round and beckoning to the stragglers.

The thirty small boys or so who had been hanging back, whispering excitedly, quickened their steps, and the whole party began to trudge along the narrow path. Mr. Burgess walked silently, with downcast eyes, not looking where he was going, lost in an abstruse point of early Christian theology. At such moments he seemed to feel himself present at one of the great councils, and would, as it were, take sides, sometimes even aloud. Suddenly he was startled out of his reverie by hearing a voice at his elbow say, "Look, sir, there's the railway."

Mr. Burgess sighed. The splendid phantom of the past dissolved like a breath, and, slowly raising his eyes, he stared at the speaker.

"What is it, my boy?" he asked.

"It's the railway, sir," answered half a dozen voices.

And sure enough the path had led them almost up to the edge of a deep cutting, just at the point where a tunnel emerged from under the rise. The boys ran forward to gaze down at the black mouth of the tunnel.

"Isn't it fine, sir?" said one of them to Burgess, who had come up.

But Mr. Burgess was irritated.

"None of that!" he shouted angrily. "Don't let me catch any of you loitering again. Under no consideration must you leave the path."

"But there's a train coming, sir; we can hear it," urged one of the boys, as if this were a quite irresistible explanation.

He looked so extremely earnest that Mr. Burgess laughed.

"Well, just for this once," he said good-humouredly.

He shivered. It was one of those chill, damp, and windless afternoons of late January when the very sky looks sodden and little twigs can be heard snapping in every copse. Before him the row of boys stood motionless with craning necks; overhead the rooks were flying stealthily homewards one by one, and all around the bare fields stretched like an ocean of brown mud. The cutting, which lay across them, resembled a clean slice carved out of the earth by a gigantic knife. It had a repugnant and desolate appearance. The rank grass upon its slopes was all wet and withered, a smell of decay and vitiated air hung over it, and a steamy mist was rising from the bottom. Down there darkness was gathering very fast. The sound of dripping could be heard from a hundred directions.

Mr. Burgess took in the whole landscape at a glance.

"I don't hear any train," he said all at once; "really, I think we had better be going on."

"Listen, sir; there it is," said a boy.

He heard it then, a strangled sound deep within the hill like a monster roaring in a cave. A shudder of delight passed over the row of heads.

"It's coming nearer, sir," gasped someone.

And suddenly there rushed out of the tunnel an engine dragging a long string of open waggons. The boys shouted with glee, and the echo of the passing train crashed from side to side of the cutting, with its thunderous repetitions dying away right down the line. No one moved for a minute. Smoke was coiling out of the tunnel, blurring the sombre outlines of the hollow and clinging to the grimy archway above.

"We can't stand here all night," said Mr. Burgess at length; "come along, boys."

They followed him—all except one. Gilbert, the biggest boy in the school, had remained behind gazing down at the tunnel. But Mr. Burgess, who was beginning to slip back into another age, did not notice his absence. He heard a lot of small boys chattering round him, and he smiled instinctively. It made a not unpleasant chorus—muffled, dream-like—to a strange argument he was having

with the Bishop of Hippo. The question turned on whether children who died in infancy could be saved without baptism. "Pelagius was right," mumbled Burgess; "there is no heresy in his doctrine. Augustine, if I could but meet you upon your own burning African sands! You call yourself orthodox, but it is a vain delusion because, in your pride, you forget that Christ alone is the Fountain-head. I see you start. But what did Christ say: 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me: for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' Your lips move. Ah, serpent, I know your wiles! You whisper, 'He that believeth in Me and is baptised shall be saved.' Yes; they are Christ's words, but they are metaphorical. For how does the sentence end: 'But he that believeth not shall be damned.' There is no word here of baptism. Christ most manifestly meant by baptism the putting-on of a new spirit: 'Except a man be born again he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven.' Born again—do you hear? He must recover the lost innocence of his childhood through the grace and mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ. Listen, O learned one. Mankind is vile, but his villainy is instilled into him afresh in each generation by the machinations of the sleepless Devil. It is not inherent in his nature. Do not Christ's own words hint at this great truth? The bull, *Ineffabilis Deus*, was unnecessary, for original sin is a mere figment. Moreover, it arises from the errors of the Apostles, of Justin Martyr, and of Tertullian, who were unable to comprehend the verbal images of our Master. No; throughout His earthly life Christ was ever calling upon us to make our hearts even as the heart of a child. Now, therefore, if He did not reject upon earth, but called to Him, the unbaptised children of Galilee, how gladly will He welcome all His children to His Eternal Mansions. You sneer. I care not, scoffer! But remember that there is more pleasure in heaven over one repentant sinner than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance. There is divine irony in that sentence, O Bishop. It is as much Christ's judgment upon the formalist as upon the Pharisee. A pure and contrite heart is more to Him than a sea of incense. Out upon you! It is you—you, Augustine—who are heretical, and with you the whole Catholic Church."

He rubbed his hands, walking with rapid strides along

the path. The boys, almost running to keep pace with him, were astonished to see the smiles and frowns come and go on his face. They nudged one another. Unlike Burgess, *they* knew that Gilbert had stayed behind; but, also unlike Burgess, it was not *their* business. He could hear just as well as they could—besides, Gilbert was Gilbert! There was no accounting for him. They turned, they saw him standing there by the edge, and they merely shrugged their shoulders. After all, it was Gilbert—the strongest boy in the school, who had once kicked a goal from nearly half-way, who never took sides, who was always quite uninterested about everything; who was, in fact, entirely mad, and who invariably insisted on walking by himself far behind everyone else.

"I bet you he's waiting till we get on a bit," said presently a small boy called Simpson to his friend Butterworth.

"I know that," snapped his companion, and they relapsed into silence.

The other boys, in the interest of watching the new master, had soon forgotten all about Gilbert; but Simpson and Butterworth were still thinking of him. He was their hero. They never discussed him openly, but each knew that the other considered him the most wonderful person in the world. That was why, on walks, they tried to keep behind in the hopes that one day Gilbert would notice them and would let them accompany him. So far it had been completely unsuccessful, but it made no difference. So now gradually they found themselves falling back. Without saying a word to one another it occurred to them both to watch what Gilbert would do. The rest of the school had passed the corner by Dakin's Farm and were out of sight. Simpson and Butterworth suddenly stopped, turned round, and uttered at the very same instant a sort of stifled exclamation. Gilbert had disappeared! . . .

Alone of all the boys in the school Gilbert had felt no particular exultation when Burgess led them on to the forbidden path. He was sunk in gloom at the memory of the holidays now so fatally over, and he followed the others mechanically. He did not like school. It worried him; worried him perpetually. But he loved his old home in the Lincoln fens with a passionate love. If Burgess regarded

terms as a bore, Gilbert regarded them as a nightmare. Between these so dissimilar natures there was this unguessed bond of an inner and secret life. They were true egoists. They lived for an idea that was the expression of a personal want.

Gilbert, behind the rest, padded along like a tired old dog, with head bent and a look of profound misery on his face. "If only I were back at home," he kept thinking bitterly. All at once he noticed that the other boys had stopped and were staring down over the bank of the cutting. Gilbert stared too, not because he felt interested, but because everyone else was doing it. He saw beneath him two sets of railway lines glistening like the trail of slugs after a shower, and the great black mouth of a tunnel yawning at him in the dusk. It was all very tremendous. And suddenly he thought with fear, "Suppose I saw someone standing down there." Maybe he had heard the sound of the approaching train. Who can say? As soon as it had passed he looked again at the tunnel. "Yes; and suppose a train had been coming," he added to himself very slowly.

He did not notice the departure of the other boys. For several minutes afterwards he remained there, quite motionless, his eyes riveted on the tunnel, like a person deep in thought. As a matter of fact only one thing filled his mind; one thing which, in a moment, had driven everything else out, and that was a strange sensation. It was as though the whole world had dwindled and the single real thing in the universe was that cavernous mouth. He started suddenly and gazed round at the ploughed fields. They appeared insignificant, veiled, part of another life. It was a weird effect, but it did not surprise him somehow, and as he turned his eyes once more on the tunnel it seemed to him that only there, there in the hollow, was there anything real. Without thinking what he was about, he took a few steps down the slippery zigzag path.

He was startled at hearing above his head a loud cry. "What am I doing here?" he thought instantaneously, and looking up he saw two small boys bending over the cutting. "Why, it's these kids," he muttered in an astonished voice.

"Who are you shouting at?" he cried back; and he began to clamber up the bank.

Simpson and Butterworth regarded him in confusion.

"We—we thought we'd tell you," blurted the latter; "you know everyone's miles ahead. We'll get into an awful row. What *were* you doing?" he added hurriedly.

"Oh, don't bother me," answered Gilbert. "Come on, let's run for it."

Simpson and Butterworth swelled with pride. Fancy, running with Gilbert! The whole school would see them!

The three of them began to race along the path. They overtook the others just as they were emerging on to the Well Road. Luckily for them Mr. Burgess was still buried in the abstruser phases of his imaginary duologue, and their absence had not been officially noticed.

Simpson and Butterworth smiled with content at the inquisitive glances cast on them by the others; but, as for Gilbert, he looked more dismal than ever. What on earth had happened to him? Something beastly! He thought of his home, and it seemed to him as though a slight mist had risen over it, and as though it had receded very far. It filled him with grief. Never before had he felt such utter, cold despair; and the image of the cutting rose up, immense, significant, very silent. "I'm glad I saw no one," he muttered.

That night he had a sinister dream. It was like this: He seemed to be standing upon the top of the cutting once more, gazing down almost with anguish at the mouth of the tunnel. He didn't know why he felt such anguish, because it was all just as he had seen it that afternoon. And yet, surely, it was not quite the same. The hollow, instead of being dark, was filled with a subdued light. He could make out every little detail quite plainly. And this was the more remarkable as up above the earth was in pitchy blackness. Yes; he could see every detail, and all was as he had expected. All? Why, then, did he feel such anguish? He couldn't have said, but he kept peering down as if there was still something to be made out. And all at once, as he looked, he saw the figure of a youth standing by the tunnel. He could have sworn that it had not been there a moment since, but he was not astonished. The youth was bending forward, gazing in at the mouth. He stood very still. He was listening. And Gilbert himself was also listening. "The train is coming," he thought. He would like to have shouted, but he was unable to. And suddenly it seemed

to him that he knew the figure—it was himself. Again he was horrified, but not astonished. He thought quick as lightning. "When the train comes he will lie down." Ah! he must give a shout. He made a tremendous effort, and suddenly his lips were unloosed and he uttered a cry. It woke him. He sat up in bed, trembling all over. He rubbed his eyes. "Was I dreaming?" he muttered. Then he did a singular thing. He got out of bed and slipped into his clothes. He knew that he must go at once to the tunnel. He didn't argue about it—it was impossible to resist. He had never broken bounds before. No matter. It was quite simple. Nothing easier. He would be there in less than half an hour. . . .

There were ten boys in Gilbert's dormitory, but only one of them had been awaked by the cry of the dreamer. In the dim light of the lowered gas-jet Simpson saw his hero sit up, get out of bed, and begin to dress. Finally he saw him go softly out of the room carrying his shoes. He cautiously woke Butterworth, who slept in the next bed, and the two small boys remained whispering for nearly an hour and a half. At the end of that time Gilbert returned and got back into bed. It was yet a long time till dawn. In the morning Simpson and Butterworth avoided speaking of the subject. Each had determined, however, that he would be awake on the following night. . . .

Gilbert had found no difficulty in escaping from the school. He had run the whole way to the cutting. In the disordered state of his mind he felt no fear of detection, no guilt, nothing but an overpowering impulse. The moon was at the full, and its pale light glowed upon the desolate scene. All was silent. Gilbert did not hesitate. He ran sideways down the path on to the line. And he stood there, bending forward, looking into the black abyss of the tunnel. It was frightfully thrilling. And down there the dripping sounded louder, seemed to fill the dark air with a thousand murmurs. And on each side the steep banks towered like solid walls, high as the heavens, shutting out the world and everything he knew; shutting out his home on the fens, the familiar faces, the very emotions of joy and gladness. Yes, it was frightfully thrilling. Suddenly he heard, far off in the tunnel, the rumble of a train. He lay down flat between the rails. And without stirring, hardly able to

breathe, he allowed the train to pass over him. At last he got up. "I dared to do it," he thought deliriously. And before him all his past life seemed to crumble, blurred and indistinct as an old memory. . . .

The next afternoon Mr. Burgess, still unwarned by the forgetful Glossop, took the boys for the same walk. He realised that it had been a success. "But," said he, "there will be no loitering to-day, and no stopping to see trains or things of that sort. You understand?"

Simpson and Butterworth threw a rapid glance at Gilbert, who was standing in the rear, taking no notice of anything. All the other boys declared in a loud voice that they understood perfectly. Mr. Burgess smiled benignly on them. He foresaw that this school was going to be a sort of haven to him. Such an idea charmed his fancy. For he was wrestling just now with an important chapter, and, of all things, he needed peace of mind. He was greatly put out therefore when, after having negotiated the danger spot of the cutting without any bother, he found, simply by the chance of turning his head, that one boy had not obeyed his command. They were at least a hundred yards past the tunnel when he made this discovery.

"Who's that boy?" he asked sharply.

"Gilbert, sir," answered a score of voices.

For a few seconds the whole school, with Mr. Burgess in their midst, stared at the motionless, bent figure of the absorbed Gilbert. "What's the boy up to?" muttered Mr. Burgess to himself. He felt, uninterested though he was in the psychology of boys, quite uneasy at that appearance of strained immobility. And aloud to the school he added, "You all wait here—I'll go and fetch him myself." He went hastily back. Gilbert did not hear him coming—he was as truly in another world as was Burgess when he used to imagine himself at the Council of Nicaea.

"Look here, didn't I say there was to be no loitering?" said Mr. Burgess gruffly, tapping him on the shoulder.

The boy turned and gave him a stare.

"Yes, sir," he answered in a low voice.

"Come, my boy, this won't do," continued the master; "if you heard me you should have obeyed me."

"Yes, sir," answered Gilbert again.

Mr. Burgess looked at him. Certainly an odd type!

"Your name's Gilbert, isn't it?" he inquired. The other nodded. "Well, remember, Gilbert, if I catch you disobeying me again it'll be the worse for you. Is that plain enough?"

"Yes, sir," repeated Gilbert once more.

Mr. Burgess was fidgeted by the meek and, so to say, impersonal behaviour of the boy.

"That's all very well," he went on, "but anyone can say, 'Yes, sir,' when they've been found out. What I want to know is, why did you stay behind?"

Gilbert looked sheepishly at him.

"I don't know, sir," he replied at length.

"Don't prevaricate, my boy. It's a thing I dislike. I repeat, why did you stay behind?"

He would have said more, but he saw suddenly upon the boy's face a strange look, a look of supplication and of despair.

"All right, I won't go into it just now," he added quickly; "but come to my room this evening after prayers. We can thrash it out there."

"Very good, sir," answered Gilbert with reluctance, and the two of them rejoined the wondering school. . . .

Although Simpson and Butterworth had been, of course, quite unable to hear a word of what had been said, they had watched the whole scene with intense interest. Like most small boys they could hide much cunning under an air of utter indifference. Without ever mutually hinting at such a thing, both had come to the conclusion that Gilbert's behaviour in the night had had something to do with the tunnel; and now, again, they saw another phase of the same thing opening from this conversation with the schoolmaster. Both resolved that nothing should escape them. After prayers that night they saw Gilbert go off towards Mr. Burgess's room, and they realised at once that here was still a further link of the chain. They waited impatiently for developments. . . .

When Gilbert entered Mr. Burgess's room he found him studying a big Latin book. It was a volume of Tyrannius Rufinus. The master looked up, nodded to the boy to be seated, and continued to read. He was lost in the arid pages of the *De Adulteratione Librorum Origenis*. He felt sympathy for Rufinus in his attack upon the famous Origen

"Yes," he thought, "the Pope himself condemned Origen. The devout Anastasius was not likely to err. And even Jerome turned from his writings at last. But the glamour of great reputations has invariably been fatal. The name of Origen was all-powerful to the Christians of those days. Men like Rufinus, the reformers of abuses, run their heads against the eternal snobbishness of the world. They are the true conservatives. The suspicions of the Orthodox in every age are the mere reflection of their cowardice. What could be more absurd than to question the fundamental rightness of this saintly Father?"

He suddenly glanced up, saw Gilbert there before him, and remembered everything. He closed the book with a sigh. More trouble! He should never have ordered the boy to come. He had done it in a moment of curiosity, but he repented it. The whole episode jarred on him.

"So here you are," he began awkwardly.

"You said I was to come, sir," muttered Gilbert.

"Let me see—what was it? Oh, about this afternoon. Well, what have you to say?"

Gilbert shuffled his feet.

"What I mean is, have you anything to say?" continued the master kindly. "Are you unhappy about anything?"

Gilbert bit his lips and frowned.

"No; I won't ask you if you are unhappy," said the other, looking closely at Gilbert, "but I'll ask you why you're unhappy. Is it home-sickness? I used to be like that."

"Oh, sir, I wish it was!" burst from the boy.

Mr. Burgess raised his eyebrows in astonishment.

"That's a very odd remark," he observed.

"Is it, sir?" replied Gilbert bleakly.

"Very odd. You should explain yourself. For instance, what was it made you stay behind this afternoon?"

"I was looking at the tunnel, sir."

"Yes, yes; I know. But what's the matter? What's worrying you? You can speak to me quite frankly."

"I feel that everything's changed, sir," said Gilbert almost in a whisper.

"What *do* you mean?"

"I don't know, sir."

Mr. Burgess made a gesture of hopelessness. At the same time he felt there was something here it was his duty to investigate.

"And certainly *I* don't," he responded testily. "Can't you tell me in plain English?" But seeing once more upon the boy's face a look of terror and supplication, he added in a friendly voice, "I promise to help you if I can."

Gilbert, for the first time that day, felt a tinge of human warmth about his heart. Dare he confide in him and could he ever make him understand? He rose from his chair and came right up to where Mr. Burgess was sitting.

"I feel that I've lost everything I cared for, and—and I don't know whether I mind," he stammered.

"Sit down and tell me all," said Mr. Burgess in a firm voice.

And, at length, in broken sentences, Gilbert told him his trouble. He told it with such vehemence that his listener could feel the stir of his mixed and passionate emotions like invisible tentacles touching him all over his face. But there was one point—the most important of all—on which Gilbert was silent. He said nothing about his midnight adventure. It simply would not pass his lips—and, think, think, suppose he wanted to go again! Ah! cursed thought—but how could he be sure, how could he see clearly?

Mr. Burgess listened without saying a word. He would like to have been able to laugh at that grotesque recital, but he did not feel at all like laughing. "It's a regular story from the Thebaïd," he said to himself. And yet what was there really in it all? Nothing! The silly fancies of a nervous boy! Why had he ever been such a fool as to bother about him? But he needed his help—he had promised it. Besides, he *needed* it.

"I tell you what it is, Gilbert," he said in a confidential voice, "you've got too vivid an imagination. I'm very glad you spoke to me. You'll find that once having shared this with someone else it'll all melt. Don't let things like that weigh on your mind. Your feelings will take care of themselves. Just go on with your life as usual. There's nothing really the matter. And now, my boy, we won't talk any more about it. That's much the best."

He got up, smiling, and held out his hand to Gilbert.

"Good-night, and remember I understand," he said cordially.

Gilbert went out of the room, concealing his dejection as well as he could. The master's words, so blind to all the subtle agony and indecision of his heart, had only deepened around him his sense of dreadful isolation. . . .

In the middle of the night, Simpson and Butterworth, watching breathlessly, saw Gilbert rise, dress, and leave the room. No sooner had he gone than, in a twinkling, they, too, had risen, thrown on coats and trousers, and run after him. All was quiet in the house of the respected Mr. Glossop. Shadows could hardly have made less sound than did the three boys; and, indeed, they resembled shadows as they flitted out into the moonlight, one ahead, two behind, and all running under the lee of the house. Gilbert made straight for the cutting, and the two small boys, from a distance, saw him turn the corner of the field into the muddy path. When they reached the embankment he was not to be seen.

"Down there!" whispered Simpson.

"Yes; look at him, look at him!" exclaimed Butterworth.

He was standing on the line, very close to the tunnel, and staring into it. All at once they saw him take a step forward and disappear within its mouth.

Simpson and Butterworth did not wait for anything more. They were frightened. They turned and ran homewards as fast as they could. . . .

Gilbert had left the presence of the schoolmaster feeling not only isolated from all the world, but very unwell. A strange, gnawing pain was beginning to stir in his mind. He did not try to analyse it. He had only one wish, and that was to fall asleep and not to wake till morning. But in the middle of the night he suddenly started up. The pain in his head was worse: it had taken the form of a voice which kept repeating, "Get up and go to the tunnel." "Oh," thought Gilbert, "that was it, was it?" and without resisting for a second he put on his clothes and escaped from the house. His awful isolation, in which even the memory of his home appeared dim and meaningless, made him hasten to reach the only real place remaining on the earth. The cutting, the tunnel—how safe they were, like

a rock in the middle of the ocean! He would hold on to them and not let go. Firm and solid, they seemed to rise before him in the still and vast expanse of nothingness. "Never, never let go," he thought, hurrying forward.

And here he was at last! He felt a new man—so secure, so free from pain. He looked at the mouth and he said, "I'll walk into the tunnel, into the very middle, and then I'll lie down and the train will go over me, and I shall know that I've dared to do it." It was a great idea and very thrilling. Oh, it was splendid to have the protection of something *real!* He was not afraid. He began to walk boldly into the heart of the blackness. "Won't it roar," he thought, laughing inwardly. He was surprised to find that he was singing. He sat down on the rails, singing and shouting with joy. How happy it was to have something *real* to lay hold on! Apparently the approaching train was not real at all, for Gilbert never heard it. There was a hammering in his ears, making a much louder noise. He was given no conscious chance of testing his bravery again. . . .

After Gilbert's departure, Mr. Burgess had tried to dismiss the matter from his mind and to continue his study of Rufinus. But the boy's story—or rather the way he had told it—had left a curious impression on him. "I do hope I did right," he thought. He felt angry with himself, humiliated, and oppressed. Ah! these schoolboys, they were always coming between him and the fulfilment of his one desire! How could he work, how could he finish his huge undertaking if his soul were troubled? He began to walk up and down his room. He tried to conjure up the august scenes of the past, those images which had never failed to comfort his lonely hours. It was in vain Gilbert's story protruded itself at every moment. "What could I have said to him?" he argued. He was deeply disturbed. "I have lived in myself too long, the slightest thing upsets me." He felt more and more uneasy. "Wait," he muttered desperately, "before he came I was thinking of old Rufinus. I was going into the question of his attack upon the writings of Origen. Poor Rufinus!—he, too, had his peaceful time broken in upon, and for ever. O Alaric, you have much to answer for! Pinetum might have kept its honoured guest for many a long year but for your invasion.

Presumptuous man, how little you realised what you were doing! But, alas, you were only one of the Church's innumerable foes! It was men like Rufinus, like Cassian, like Prosper, and like Sidonius Apollinaris who, obscurer Fathers as some consider them, steered the Church through many a crisis of its history. They are as the distant stars, shining minute through the immensity of stellar space, but in reality of the first magnitude, burning with fervent heat, and glorious beyond the timid reach of our imaginations."

He stopped in the middle of the room and suddenly scowled. "Ah, that Gilbert!" he cried. "I can't think of anything," he added nervously; "it all seems so remote, so remote." He went to the table, sat down, and rested his head in his hands. "Yes; I shall never finish it," he pondered. "How many years now—ten, eleven? And Migne's texts are so corrupt. O Lord! I am weak, my courage fails me! Desert me not. What I do is all to Thy honour and glory."

He was unspeakably dismayed. The visit of the boy had served to upset the balance of a mind already overwrought. It had shown him a sombre and hidden glimpse of life where he had least expected to find it. The early Christians, he knew, were often possessed, encompassed as they were by an army of fiends, but it was too ghastly to think that the Devil had come again upon earth to torment the growing generation. For a long time he remained bowed over the table. "No; I shall never finish it," he murmured, and at the mere idea the whole work of his lifetime seemed to lie shattered at his feet. He was a solitary man. He had no friends. If this were to fail him, what then would remain? He did not dare to frame the answer because he knew that the answer was "nothing." "I'm not well to-night," he whispered. He got up and went to the window, through which the moonlight was streaming. "Not at all well," he whispered again.

It was at that instant that he caught sight of two small boys stealing along the corner of the house. His window was on the ground floor; he opened it, jumped out, and had caught them before they could take alarm.

"Here, let me see you by the light," he said sternly, and he dragged them back with him into his room.

Five minutes later Mr. Burgess was tearing down the

road. He knew all that the boys had to tell him. He ran as he had never run before, stumbling, sobbing for breath. He reached the cutting, he slithered down on to the line, and he darted into the tunnel, calling out Gilbert's name as he went. The only reply was a sort of mad, ringing echo of his own voice. He stopped and he called again, once, very loudly, "Gilbert, where are you?" And the confused clamour of his voice broke round him in the tunnel like a clap of thunder. Mr. Burgess waited till all was still. He was shaking. "Answer, answer!" he shouted in frenzy; then knowing suddenly that he would never get any answer, he rushed out of the tunnel. He was in a panic. He ran home, locked himself into his room, and began tearing up his manuscript as though he had not a moment to spare. "It was this kept me from understanding," he thought frantically; "it's all meaningless, waste paper, the work of a fool. It's I who am responsible. I and only I." All at once he stopped, looked with horror upon the wreck of his life's work, and went tottering into his bedroom. During the whole of that night he lay, with his eyes wide open, staring up at the ceiling. . . .

When the boys trooped into the dining-hall for breakfast the next morning they noticed that old Glossop was in one of his bad moods. He watched them enter without a smile. He had just received a note from his new master to announce that he was so unwell that he must resign forthwith. What an endless trial they were, these masters of his! He gazed gloomily round at the boys, and as he did so he perceived that one was absent.

"Where is Gilbert?" he demanded ominously.

Nobody answered, but, in the deathlike silence that supervened, Simpson and Butterworth looked fixedly at one another.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Proving of Democracy

By West Country Miner

By "proving" I mean the "trying" or "testing," using the word in its old sense of testing the good qualities. A judge tests evidence, a lawyer proves a statement, but my reference is rather to "proof" gold—gold that has been proved by acid and by fire to attain the highest standard.

It is obvious that in the present ferment, when ideas and theories have been thrown into the melting-pot, every man is asking himself if our system is able to see us through. Admittedly, it has failed to come up to expectation, but will it improve, will it learn from the past, or will it, when again confronted by a similar position, again make the same mistakes?

Here at the outset I find myself confronted by the criticism of Bernhardi on the effect of continued peace on the pockets and patriotism of the peoples, and am taken back to memories of school and of the pronouncement that the Roman nation, enervated by a prolonged period of peace, fell an easy prey to the invader. That is simple history and it tends to confirm Bernhardi's conjectures.

If I am asked to crystallise our present expression of democracy, I must define it as "Manchester." For undoubtedly, though it may not be true that "What Manchester says to-day England says to-morrow," Manchester—I refer to the Bradford-Leeds, Derby-Liverpool area—has for many years exercised a dominating influence on the Press and political life of the country. Let us see what Manchester stands for. Commercial enterprise and shrewdness (trade), industry (factories), and Sabbath-keeping (morals and churches). Added to this predominance in its especial trades, such

as textiles and chemicals, has created a prejudice in favour of local superiority of insight into, and judgment on, most matters of moment. But in matters affecting the *imperium* —the aggregation of empires, dominions, and colonial possessions—the untravelled and narrowly educated judgment of Manchester has been—what? Rightly or wrongly, it has stood in the public eye for a reduced army, a reduced navy, an aversion from imperial or colonial aggrandisement, provided that trade could be maintained in the absence of the flag. On what single bit of the Empire can one put one's finger and ascribe its possession to Manchester's initiative or effort? Cook, Drake, Raleigh, Clive, Livingstone, none of these came thence. No, Manchester comes in afterwards and enjoys the fruits of possessions she has not travailed to create or obtain. And thus it happens that she stands in the popular eye a get-rich-quick community, all industry and Sabbath-keeping notwithstanding.

The Highlander is trained on the Bible; his views are narrow from lack of intercourse with the outside world. The Boer of the Bush Veldt is narrow for the same reason; both Highlander and Boer are passionately in love with their country and loyal to their fellows. But we find no such characteristic of Manchester. Rather do we seem to see her devoting her whole life (Sundays excepted) to the seeking of personal gain through commerce, and failing to accept or even appreciate the views of her citizens of similar upbringing, faith, and associations who are gifted with wider views through some exceptional opportunity of service or training.

Thus, during the early stages of the South African War I remember Methodist Manchester denouncing our taking up arms against the Boers. The Methodists of South Africa, with their Manchester upbringing and associations, but with their special experience and knowledge of local conditions, sought to enlighten their old associates as to the realities of the position—and were snubbed for their pains and held up to scorn as renegades who had pandered to Crœsus.

Lord Cromer came home from Egypt after a period of exceptional success in building into a nation the downtrodden fellaheen, and was invited to address

a gathering of the coming political men under the chairmanship of a member of the Cabinet. The remarks of the speakers disclosed an appalling inability of the Manchester school to realise Lord Cromer's work or the manner of that work. So far as I remember not one speaker agreed with the great Pro-Consul except the one man who had been out to study the position for himself: all the others, mainly journalists and barristers, were for handing Egypt over to a party—called the Young Egyptian Party—who, Lord Cromer warned us, did not represent Egypt at all. The subsequent fate of Turkey in the hands of the Young Turk Party warns us of the evil of trusting in the shibboleths and political theories invoked by Manchester, and of the folly of not relying on a man the success of whose policy and judgment had been already proved.

But we have no need to go back for examples. Take the recent case of Captain Guest. He (the elected representative of democracy) had gone to the Front, had studied the position for himself and had then come back to Parliament to tell his fellow-members what he had learned. Because, with his greater experience and knowledge, the views of the soldier from the Front differed from those of the make-money-stay-at-homes he is gibed at, condemned as a renegade, and some stay-at-home has the impertinence to suggest that his place is at the Front and not in Parliament at all: Labour may be represented there, but not the Army. The policy of the nation is thus to be dictated not by those who have been at the Front and know, but by the stay-at-home, know-nothing, can't-or-won't-fights. People engaged in daily pursuit of gain, admitted to partnership in the control of an Empire not one inch of which has been gained through their endeavour, are apt to imagine money will do anything. Personal effort is unnecessary. The Army is to have no voice in the control of the Empire for which it offers its life, but is to offer only blind obedience, not to the King, mark you, but to the civil power (see *Daily News* leader, September 15th, 1915). Is France to be eaten up by Germany? "Let us keep out of it and go on making money." Are we drawn into the war? "Let us trust to our Fleet, the Russian Road Roller will slowly come, and there's Japan." No

virility, no sense of self-sacrifice, no ideal, just money-making.

And here for the present we will leave democracy as represented by Manchester, confident that just as the mass of dross in no way resembles the brilliant globule of gold contained in it and produced from it in "proof" purity by the stress of fire and acid, so the apparent predominance of Manchester in no way represents the true spirit of the nation.

Let us, therefore, proceed to examine the bearing in an unparalleled time of national stress of the Parliament elected by democracy of the Manchester type.

Mr. Roosevelt, a competent, unprejudiced, sympathetic observer from the outside, has recently (see *Times*, October 30th, 1915) characterised our demagogues as appearing to very great disadvantage when compared with, *e.g.*, the French: "lamentable example" and "though her Navy has done admirably" and "her soldiers at the Front have done splendidly . . . she has utterly failed. . . ." And this judgment of Roosevelt will surely be the judgment of history on our behaviour as a nation, as a Parliament, and as a Ministry up to the present.

Why is it that our Parliament, formerly regarded by the whole world as not only the mother of Parliaments, but as standing for what was best and highest in national representation, should have now earned for itself such censure? We have seen the tendencies of Manchester democracy. Can it be expected that it should elect a higher type of representative? No, it is reasonable to anticipate that a God-fearing (Sabbath-keeping), commercial-enterprising, get-richest-quickest member of the community would be the elected of such a democracy. Anyone with a commercial axe to grind apparently finds without difficulty some member to voice his complaints in Parliament that the War Office has given the contract to—someone else. The things that really count, mentioned by Lord Loreburn in the House of Lords (*Times*, November 9th, 1915), have seemingly been permitted to take place without effective protest from the elected of democracy, who instead have voiced complaints that the Government have selected admittedly efficient men to supervise their timber and sulphuric acid contracts. If the

Government purchase without such an adviser then a hubbub is raised, and if they select as an adviser someone who knows the trade they are taken to task for their selection.

And so through the war Parliament has raised its voice on such matters, unfortunately in such a way as to give one the impression of personal interests being involved, but never in an insistent demand for the placing of the responsibility and the awarding of adequate punishment for the terrible scandal of multitudes of lives sacrificed by schemes initiated or suggested *en amateur* and not by responsible service advisers. (See Mr. Churchill's own statement of his journey to Antwerp, his offering of the Naval Division when the military advisers were unable to offer troops. See also his statement of his choice of Gallipoli when a naval demonstration in the Mediterranean was mooted. No troops were available for Gallipoli, so he sent ships, and even after it was shown that ships alone could not force the Straits he allowed the *Queen Elizabeth* by her continued gun-fire to warn the enemy to fortify Achi Baba, the actual summit of which, we are informed, was occupied by our "spotters" during our first bombardment.)

Naturally, one's thoughts have, therefore, reverted to other Parliaments until there have arisen before one names which made England great—Cromwell—what an absolute dictator!—Palmerston and Pitt. Who were these, why have we none such now? Cromwell, Palmerston, Pitt all entered Parliament by methods no longer conventional. Men without anything to lose, men with something to gain, may swallow the petty indignities of the ordinary election, but men of broad, empire-making views, with ideals of sacrifice and service, are they not at times unwilling to enter Parliament in the absence of pocket boroughs except through the City of London, a University, some "sure seat," or an uncontested election? The absence of Palmerstons and Pitts, and the absence of the means for introducing them into Parliament, seem curiously interdependent. Even Gladstone entered Parliament by a private borough.

And thus it follows that a legislature elected as a result of the methods appealing to democracy of the Manchester type fails to reach the height of the demands and expecta-

tions of the nation it so partially represents. Naturally, Parliament cannot appear at its best in the absence of that leaven of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty which has enlisted itself in national service in the trenches or on the high seas. Instead we are left with the spectacle of an assemblage of men acclaiming as a scandal the purchase by an Allied Government of a million yards of khaki in America. It never apparently occurs to members to seek the causes which compelled that Government to purchase elsewhere what exchange, interest, existing arrangements, and superiority of manufacture all combine in making it eager to purchase here.

I fear the nation will not be the loser if the House of Commons suspends its ordinary sittings until the restoration of peace. The history of the war already shows that criticism of current needs may be more safely and confidently entrusted to the Lords.

Having thus discussed the House of Commons we come to the Government elected by the Manchester section of it. It can scarcely be expected that members of the late Government were well fitted for really serious matters, because they have spoken and acted as if words and not deeds counted. As though it was enough to tell the nation that we would dig the German fleet out, or that we were within a few miles of such a victory as the world had not seen, or that we were prepared to give our friends in the Balkans all the support in our power, and then send 13,000 men and keep them —in Greece. If we had no men available in time, why proclaim our support? The sonorous announcement of what we intend to do is not the equivalent of doing it. It has been held to be the English way "to do things without talk," but the way of the Government has been to talk rather than to do. (See Lord Haldane's speech on his provision of a General Headquarters Staff on *German lines*, the Governmental sermons on economy, as well as Sir Edward Grey's attempted explanation of his Balkan promise when the time came for action on it.)

The substitution of words for deeds spells disaster: sure, swift, and solid. It is the misfortune of our democracy to have its elections guided by speeches and promises, and the result is that the greatest political factor of our

recent history, the maker of the *entente* which will go down to history as a world force, would have had no chance at an election which only yields an unexampled agglomeration of professional word-producers—lawyers—in our Government. Now, a lawyer is not a governor. He is by training destructive and unfitted for conviction, his habit and training is opportunism; if necessary, to make the worse appear the better cause, and to throw the weight of his abilities, but not of his convictions—he has none—into his work. Good work must be inspired by conviction or it will fail to carry conviction.

It is helpful at this time to examine our Foreign Policy. The United States invited us early in the war to take a firm attitude over contraband and stick to it, but added that vacillation would only cause irritation. And yet how variable was our policy of contraband! Why, decisions were changed before shipments which were free when shipped from New York could arrive at their destination in Europe! The Navy and the Press prevented the ratification of the Declaration of London. The Press forced the stoppage of cotton imports into Germany. To offer Cyprus to Greece—and that, too, without consulting the Cabinet—may be in accord with the idea of Manchester diplomacy that money can buy anything, but it was surely obvious to anyone not a lawyer and not in the Cabinet that to offer a bribe to a treaty-breaker provokes cupidity, not integrity. First find out why he does not keep his treaty; if it is fear, then strengthen him; if it is cupidity, then break him. The pouring in of three hundred thousand British would have been more effective than any offer of Cyprus to Greece or of other territory to Roumania. If Lord Kitchener was unable to sanction these troops the offer of Cyprus was pitiable, it was childish.

On the other hand, the plain speaking by Lord Lansdowne—as contrasted to crafty special pleading—about our plans for Serbia recently led to a great national awakening. Would it not promote national efficiency if the other members of the Government were equally frank?

The Cabinet has plenty of cleverness, it lacks character. Men who know their own minds, those who are willing to sacrifice themselves for a principle. Are there any such still left in the Cabinet?

But the War Committee is not that which the man in the street desires. It is certainly not the War Committee desired by the two millions odd of men enlisted to serve their King at Lord Kitchener's request. Lord Kitchener is held responsible by the men he enlisted. The policy of waiting on expediency gives rise to endless rumours and difficulties. A Staff Officer from the Front tells us the Army is cheerful as to the result if only the politicians would not do some absurdity to hinder Kitchener. The country is not happy at the absence of Lord Kitchener, whom it trusts. It is significant that immediately after his departure a War Committee should be announced on which his name does not appear and that the air should be full of suggestions of Staff appointments in his absence. What member of the War Council knows anything of the conduct of war? What man more able to choose and set up a Headquarters Staff than Lord Kitchener? There is only one inference, one way out. The Committee must take their instructions from Lord Kitchener as to his requirements for the war. Let us have done with amateurism and politics in war time. Will our lawyers never learn "*Inter Arma silent leges*"?

In the *Times* of November 11th, 1915, Lieut.-Commander Wedgwood, in a semi-apology for the Dardanelles Expedition, is reported to state that the French had gained faith by the rigorous weeding out of everybody who had failed. This is the course recommended by science and by commerce and by common sense. To produce a desired reaction every reagent (or commercial traveller) not proving itself conducive to the desired reaction (business result) is carefully eliminated by a process of empirical selection —it is the test-tube (profit and loss account), not the theory, which ultimately forces the decision. But this is precisely what we fail to obtain in our Government. There is no responsibility, no bringing home failures, no learning from the past—or why is Lord Haldane sent out to General French—on another "educational" mission? The nation views with alarm this lack of responsibility and these failures, resulting not in the weeding-out of incompetents, but in the addition of other members to a so-called-but-not-consulted Cabinet, making it easier for the chief actors to continue their careers of irresponsibility. If the assent of

Lord Kitchener and of Joffre were not required for those little so-called Naval, but essentially Military, affairs from which the Army (or joint Armies) has later on to attempt in vain to rescue our men and our reputation, how much less likely is the advice of a General Staff to be regarded? No, the man in the street sees in the creation of a General Staff an excuse for Ministerial disregard of the advice of Lord Kitchener, and views with alarm this creation of an Inner War Council, and of a General Staff, immediately Lord Kitchener is out of the way on his visit to the East.

We have studied the Manchester democracy, its Parliament and Government, but what of its Press? The first impression is not reassuring, in spite of the able control and wise restraint daily manifest in the *Manchester Guardian*. Posters and headlines, pointing to the ease of the certain victory and the absence of necessity for disturbing "business (making money) as usual," appeared to characterise that portion of the daily Press supporting the Government of democracy. In the influential portion of the Press as a whole there has been too much of the personal views of the controller and too little of the views of the nation. Too much of the "What I say to-day England says to-morrow," and too great a desire to score a victory over some rival journal. Coupled with this there has been a tendency to preach economy and to rebel, in spite of Mr. Harold Cox's excellent letter, so soon as it is proposed that advertisements pay for their own postage. Has it never struck a newspaper proprietor or an advertiser that the public might resolve to fight shy of any product which was advertised at the cost of the nation?

The constant complaint of censorship of war news is an instance of the cleavage between Press and general public. The latter know that in France it is the English journals which are eagerly sought after for news as apart from the official *communiqué*, and it is therefore obvious that our editors have much wider liberty and opportunity than their French *confrères*. Moreover, on the occasions when restrictions have been relapsed, *e.g.*, when the destruction of our Army was announced—and then abuse made of the Censor for not having censored the statement—is it really for the

benefit of the public or for the better conduct of the war that these items are published?

And yet it is obvious that the Press, in spite of the failings of party or personal control, has magnificently aided the conduct of the war. It is characteristic of a Government of word-producers that repressing criticism in the House and producing a feeling of security by suppressing the publication of local events and of catastrophes known to the enemy, it should be acutely open to suggestions from the public Press. A man of words is ever weak, the strong is the silent man. And thus the Press demands, the Government gives way, and:

Lord Haldane retires from the War Office.

The Declaration of London is dropped.

Aliens in a position to harm us are interned.

Mr. Lloyd George is appointed to deal with the labour question so seriously affecting the supply of munitions.

Cotton is made contraband.

The Government is forced to consider National Service, including national mobilisation of labour.

The Press remains the great bulwark of the people against the inability of the lawyer Government to be convinced by facts and against the amateur or political initiation of operations which the nation always understood would be left absolutely and entirely to the unfettered discretion of naval sea lords or military commanders of proved ability and judgment.

It is as well we should know what we seek. Is it a leading place among the Powers of the world or a quiet life where unconcernedly we can pursue the even tenor of our industrious money-making life? The second is only possible by the goodwill of the first, and even then only by the training to arms of every male. Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, France, the latter evidence democratic government at its best—we shudder to examine what, in the absence of personal service, it may be at its worst—the will to serve sodden by the lust of gain!

As to why this should be so I venture to offer a solution. In a successful business few Manchester men would dream of assuming into control a partner unless he brought in either capital or special experience; any other course would mean speedy, irremediable disaster. And yet we are

told that everything human that has breathed for a certain period should have a say in the control of a nation, not because he has been of service to the nation—he may have been a burden on it all his life—but because he exists. And the man who tells us this would scorn the suggestion that an office boy's vote should balance his own in the control of his successful business. Let us then expand the successful busines principle to a national principle; for the word Capital substitute Territory, for the word Experience substitute National Service. Possibly Manchester democracy may carp at a claim that the direct descendant or heir of any man who had added territory to the Crown should have a say in the administration of that territory; but the claim would be a just one. But it may carp or not at the suggestion that the future control of the country shall be in the hands of the men who have fought for their country, for that is what is going to happen, and this is precisely where democracy is coming into its own. We older ones to whom active service has been denied, though we have endeavoured to make good as Cabinet Ministers, politicians, War Office experts, munition workers, "Gorgeous wrecks," or "Specials," will not be less honoured if we stand aside in favour of the men who have actually done the fighting at the risk and too often at the expense of their lives—I would allow the father, son, or nearest male relative to exercise the vote of any killed or incapacitated fighter. And this is where the true spirit of democracy comes in, the spirit without which democracy must ever fail, but with which it must be superior to all -cracies, I refer to the spirit of *self-sacrificing personal service*. What glorifies France to-day—Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité? No, there is no equality save in the unanimity of the desire to be of service. The secret of the magnificent example set by France to the whole world is Liberté, Fraternité, et Service The enthusiastic *personal* service of the whole nation.

Manchester has failed, its Parliament and its Government have failed—self-sacrifice has been absent, except in those who, like Honest John Burns, stood aside. But now the nation has an opportunity it has never had before —it may never have again—the flower of our manhood has sacrificed itself and has offered itself not for gain, but

for its country. Let embodied self-sacrifice rule its country, not the men who stayed at home and made four thousand a year as Ministers, or twenty thousand a year as lawyers or munition makers, or three hundred a year as striking coal-heavers, dockyard labourers, or artisans. Even the police, railwaymen, postmen who stayed at home are outside this scheme, not because they would not go, but because opportunity of self-sacrificing service failed. With the voting power in the hands of men who have given themselves for their country; with no man qualified to hold any public office except that man who with entire devotion to duty has offered himself to battle; an electorate composed of men who have fought will vote for men who have served.

Objection will be taken to this suggestion, and it will come from that very section of the community which has preached equal say or control (vote) to every human (or male) which breathes. Manchester will say, how can we possibly leave our business at the mercy of the control by men who know nothing of business? If Manchester has given for active service her adequate proportion of business men—I do not refer to men from outside districts enlisting at the Manchester centre—then she will have the same proportion to look after her special interests as have the other industries; and if she has not she will deserve to suffer. But she will not suffer for the verdict of Parliament after the Soudan War, the dictum of Mr. Schwab, the reply of Lord Curzon to Lord Devonport (*Times*, June 24th, 1915), an investigation into how it happened that the lowering of the price of picric acid in spite of fierce insatiable demands was followed by a large increase in the production—all such testimonies show that the best business man of them all is just a soldier who offered his life to his country.

Some years since an observer of the political life of the United States wrote: "The curse of democracy is the substitution of expediency for honour," but can anyone doubt that the England—who has made so poor an impression on neutral observers and it is to be feared at times even on our Allies—will be reincarnated under its soldier-service vote into an England once more great, for the sordid slavery of lust of gain will have vanished in the refining

fire of self-sacrifice, and the pure metal remaining will be the

PROOFED (OR PROVEN) DEMOCRACY.

I had hoped to end here with the advent of proved democracy; but I fail in my task if I do not indicate any sound method of bridging the gap between the present and that time when proved democracy comes into its own. My remarks on the Government were based on the credence to be attached to the statement that Lord Kitchener has not resigned or tendered his resignation, but will shortly return to his position at the War Office. If the War Office has been, or should be, made impossible for him, as the Admiralty was for Lord Fisher, then I hope Lord Kitchener will be invited by the King to form his own Ministry and to take charge of the nation until the war is brought to a successful conclusion. It will be useless to send even Mr. Lloyd George to the War Office; for we know that if he has not made a success of his present position of Minister of (Labour for making) Munitions, loyalty and service will be the only motives which will bind Labour, control it, and even weld it into a white heat of enthusiastic sacrifice of self.

I have not until now referred in my remarks on democracy to the part played by Labour. It is as easy to find fault with Labour as it is with a spoilt child—and just as useless. We remove a spoilt child from the influences which have spoilt it—which alone are responsible and blameworthy—and in healthier and better trained and controlled surroundings we are able to make a useful product out of what was actually a danger to the community. (See Dr. Barnardo's reports or even those of reformatories.) Let us find no fault with Labour. A section of it—the agitators who are the "politicians" of labour—undoubtedly imperils our national efficiency, but the weakest link in the chain is that of the commercial-get-rich-quick community which by great contributions to party funds aided the return at elections of men who have pandered to the spoilt child, but have never been firm with it.

The treatment of Labour is bound up with our treatment of soldiers. It is becoming a great national scandal that our bravest and most patriotic—those that offered themselves first—are called on to suffer out of all propor-

tion, out of all fairness. Men who have been three times wounded are being sent out to the Mediterranean when equally fit young men are living at home in ease and luxury, made all the greater by the higher wages received in the absence of the fighters.

Let us be fair, let us be just. Let us in a united, overwhelming impulse of that national sacrifice for service which, short of a miracle, alone can save our nation insist that this wrong shall cease, and that no man twice wounded shall again be sent out until *every fit man* has taken his turn at the Front. A register has been compiled of the unenlisted manhood of the nation; let it also be made of the enlisted manhood. Let the industrial production of the country be regulated by a committee chosen from the Presidents, past and present, of the great Engineering and Industrial Societies and of the Chambers of Commerce. At present labour is available for luxuries when it is required for the production of much-needed soda, sulphuric acid, and other war requirements. Let us organise jobs for our fit wounded until there is not an eligible "starred" man left who has not been to the Front. The national efficiency will increase, not decrease as at present, and the expenditure will be less; for the time has come for us to examine our consciences and to ask whether it is fair that any man in this country, whether Cabinet Minister, Judge, professional expert, or artisan, should receive more for his services than the soldier in the trenches. No! the man who offers his life should receive higher reward than they who only offer their work or their advice. It may not be practicable to insist that every man not in the trenches shall receive only 11*d.* a day plus allowance for dependants, but have we considered the reasonability and feasibility of enacting that no man, rich or poor, shall retain for his own use and profit more than 75 per cent. of his average (for as many years, but not exceeding five, as his own age is over eighteen) income prior to the war; but that, on the other hand, his commitments in the way of rent, taxes, standing charges, and the like shall be equally reduced? The house-owner and householder both would receive or pay 75 per cent. only of the normal rent, and the reduction of income thus balances the reduction of expenditure. As for necessities, the price of these will rapidly diminish

when luxuries are no longer purchased—more men and more transport will be available for their production—and we shall no longer hear of men whose weekly incomes have been raised by 60*s*. crying out against a sixpence increase in rent, for not only will the old rent be reduced by 25 per cent., but the taxes also. Any exceptional cases can readily be met out of the accumulation of the 25 per cent. of the national income, plus present surplus, thus obtained for the conduct of the war. Strikes will automatically cease, for not only would there be no profitable result to the striker—any extra gain goes to the war funds—but in future strikers should be judged by juries of their peers (mates) who may be at home on leave from the trenches. Whether such a scheme is feasible or not one thing is certain: We at home are living in ease whilst our fellows, friends, brothers, sons, are fighting in the trenches. It is for us here to rise to the height of our destiny as a nation, not for equivocating statesmen, not for get-rich-quick-Manchester, but for the Britain which the patriotism, devotion, and labour of our forbears have raised to a place in the world which we are unworthy to occupy, but for the self-sacrifice of our mobilised manhood.

Anzac

By West Australian

The landing of the Australasians at Anzac was a slur on Turkish generalship and a slur on Turkish fighting qualities. Had British troops occupied the heights of Anzac it is to be doubted whether an enemy could have obtained a footing, or, having obtained it, whether they could have hung on. The hills rise almost perpendicularly in places, and the oftener one examines them the more astonished one is at the achievement of troops under fire for the first time and not particularly well trained. It was a much greater slur on Turkish and German generalship that they allowed an enemy threatening their flank to remain for more than a month almost unmolested. After the first landing on April 25th, and the attacks on the 26th and succeeding days, the Australasians were not attacked between May 1st and the first week in June. When the main Turkish attack developed early in June a very sultry welcome awaited it. By this time all shrubs and undergrowth between the opposing trenches had been cut away, either by rifle fire or with axes at night, and the Turks had to spring out of their trenches and race across only twenty-five yards of fire-swept ground in places; more, of course, in other instances. The attack began before daybreak, and instantly the roar of musketry and the rattle of machine guns began. The deep valleys echo and re-echo the sound, and the noise becomes deafening. The Colonials stood in two lines, one firing, one loading, and with head and shoulders above the parapets poured a murderous fire into the enemy. The Turks appeared to be very slow in getting out of their trenches, possibly because the present-day infantryman is so loaded up with gear and equipment, or possibly because, under certain circumstances, minutes pass like hours. Once out of the trenches the Turks were dead men; if they advanced they were shot down, if they retreated their plight was no better. Forty men raced forth

at one point, one only reached our trenches to be bayoneted. As soon as it became light, Indian mountain batteries and Australasian guns wrought great havoc. With fanatical bravery the enemy attacked again and again, but about 11 a.m. Liman von Sanders, who commanded in person, seeing the hopelessness of it all, abandoned the attack. The Turks afterwards stated their losses as 3,000 dead, but this was probably an under-estimate. Our total casualties were under five hundred dead and wounded.

This attack demonstrated three main facts which severally are: (*a*) That without a previous heavy bombardment it is not advisable to make frontal attacks on a strongly entrenched enemy; (*b*) That the generalship of Von Sanders in allowing a large force to remain on his flank was faulty to a degree and was later to endanger his army; (*c*) That the enemy was quite as shifty as his German ally in Flanders. After the attack an armistice was applied for, and at the same time an attempt was made to bring up troops and mount guns.

As to the cleanliness of the Turk as a fighter—he is clean compared with the German, and that is about all one can say. Some Turks have succoured our wounded, others have bayoneted or mutilated them. It is just a matter probably of tribal custom or of education.

Behind our lines and down below the slope of the hill the doctors and stretcher-bearers were busy. The dead were laid to one side on stretchers and the wounded were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. When night fell comrades reverently bore the dead to the little cemeteries, whilst the stretcher-bearers carried the wounded to the beach. No men bore themselves better than the doctors and the first-aid men. They had in many instances to go between the lines and bring in the wounded, and a great many were killed whilst doing so. Taking the wounded to the beach was extremely hard work. First they had to be carried down a steeply-sloping hill, over trenches and saps very frequently. A slip meant probably death to the patient, a bad fall to the bearers. Even when saps and steps were completed it was no light task to carry an eleven stone man down the steps and then a mile or more to the beaches.

Much praise is bestowed on the fighting men, but too

little by far on the doctors and nurses. I have seen both working for sixteen hours daily tending the wounded and dying. Bandaging, fomenting, and dressing case after case, hour by hour. For four days I saw half a dozen young Australian doctors and half a dozen English nurses attend to nine hundred wounded men. Their dressing-rooms were hatches between decks, their tables piles of boxes. They work swiftly and skilfully, and every case received attention. During the first day the hatches were like a shambles. Bloodstained dressings and basins gleaming redly were all about, but in time each case was attended to and the *débris* removed. As a rule, bullet and shell wounds are not painful, and most of the wounded rest fairly well after they have been dressed. Of course, some scream with pain or rave with delirium, but they are the exception and not the rule.

Once the wounded are off the hospital ships doctors and nurses get a few days' brief respite, but in many instances they have to return immediately, and then it all begins again.

To return to stretcher-bearers. On one occasion two first-aid men were carrying a case to the beach. Two shells fell near them, so, considering two unwounded men of more value than one wounded one, they hastily dropped the "case" and made for shelter. They were nearing it at top speed when a third man joined them, also at his top. It was, to their annoyance and mortification, the "case," and as far as I know he did not finish his journey to the beach per stretcher.

Much praise, as I have said before, has been bestowed on British, Australasian, and other fighting men at the Dardanelles, but little on the men who man the mine-sweepers, packet boats, and barges. Man after man has been cut off with the deadly shrapnel, many have been drowned. No chance have they of replying as have the men in the trenches. They see the fighting only at a distance. They work all times and all hours, yet they are ever alert, ever cheerful. Kind and tender to the wounded, they are always anxious to do what they can to alleviate pain and suffering. The middies in charge of the boats and pinnaces, at an age when most boys are at school, are really wonderful. It is no doubt the chance of a lifetime

for them, for it will turn them eventually into strong, resourceful men, unless the fleecy white bursting shrapnel converts them into cherubs.

From our position we could see right down the pretty narrow Death Valley, as the soldiers named it. It was a beautiful green when we first landed, but gradually the bush was cut away for various purposes. Shrapnel and bullets, too, in many localities have cut a distinct fire zone and killed the brushwood. We could from our trenches look right out on to the blue Ægean waters, to Imbros, to Tenedos, and across to the big black hill between Anzac and Cape Helles, called, I think, 600, and to the more famous Achi Baba, or, as the Tommies and the sailors call it, "Arch Barb." We could see the cruisers shelling or escorting merchantmen, torpedo boats flitting about searching for submarines, and the deadly shrapnel trying for our batteries or searching the beach.

Looking out one bright sunny day we saw the *Triumph* heel over and with guns blazing fiercely sink slowly beneath the blue waters. We heard later that the Tars cheered with all their might as the ship went down. They were perfectly cheerful when rescued, and, fortunately, but few were drowned. The Turks, unlike their German masters, chivalrously abstained from shelling the men struggling in the water. The afternoon was spoiled. The same feeling came over many of us. We felt almost inclined to cry as the warship went down. It was like losing an old friend. Her guns had indeed been our very good friends, saved many of us, and accounted for many of the enemy. Speaking of sailors, one of the sights of a certain port is the friendship that exists between the long, gaunt, Australian infantrymen and the strong, nuggety British Tars. They were comrades in arms the night of the first landing, and the bad language, or rather the variety of it, that came from the infantry as they struggled to get free of their web equipment apparently won the hearts of the Tars. In this particular port they gain admittance to the hospitals. Their blue jackets bulge suspiciously. They examine the boards at the patients' bedsides; if A.I.F. is on them the Tar sits down, discusses the time of day, and Thomas Anzac is violently ill that evening from too much fruit, cake, or some other prohibited luxury.

At this time a friend and I shared the same dug-out. It was a very fine dug-out in many ways—handy to the quartermaster if rations were being served out, just out of sight of the sergeant-major if fatigues were being allotted. It had some disadvantages too. The kitchen was ten feet away. If one made a false step going across, it meant a long roll down hill. Cooking utensils and firewood used to chase one another down the sandy slope, and a dead soldier was almost at our feet when we retired to bed. Still, the view was good. We were not there long before we found that a Turkish sniper enfiladed our position. We used, therefore, to jump out of the sap and bolt for the dug-out, hop out of the dug-out and bolt for the kitchen. The sniper could place his bullets just above us, and on several occasions very nearly spoiled the bacon just as we had it cooked by showering dirt over us with bullets. He could clip leaves off bushes just below us. He really was a rotten shot, for people were passing up and down daily. He got more and more persistent, so we decided to look for him. Eventually we found him. He had a little hole to shoot through in the side of a cliff, whilst we had been searching the sandbags two hundred yards the other side of him. We let the trenches be and gave him "hot pie," and either shot him or moved him to healthier quarters.

From the first day they landed in Gallipoli the engineers found ample scope for their talents, and like every other unit they were badly mauled. In a very short space of time they had found ample well water for all units, barricades were erected about the ration depôts, big saps were cut so that men could go to the trenches and beaches in safety. Steps were made up the steep hills, dressing-stations were made safe, and a thousand useful jobs were done.

Making the trenches safe from bomb and shell was the toughest part of the work. It was dangerous in the extreme and always liable to be interrupted by shell or mine. Much was done at night, of course, in total darkness, for the trenches are very, very close in places, in Gallipoli. It was surprising how the men adapted themselves to the work. Some of the worst posts on the Anzac position were made safe, or as safe as any place can be under fire. The mining, too, was always dangerous. At any time the

enemy was liable to explode a mine and bury our miners. A Tommy Atkins came down one day, having accompanied an English officer into one of our saps. "The Torks be a pick, pick, pick quate clorse," he said, and "big Orstral-yun be a sitting there with big revolver awaiting for 'im to break through." Picking gently next day, Turkish and Australian picks locked. The Turks bolted. The Australians explored the sap and then blew it up.

After the first landing the Turkish and German snipers took heavy toll of our men. They were stationed at points of vantage along the ridges, with plenty of ammunition, water, and food. They had good telescopes and good rifles fitted with telescopic sights. It was hard and dangerous work to locate them in the thick undergrowth, but before long the position was cleared of them. Then picked shots from among the Colonials were placed in specially selected spots. It is really ideal soldiering for the Colonial. He has regular hours on and off. He can draw his own food and cook it. He is practically his own master, and he will do his very best, which he will not always do when under a corporal or sergeant. The Colonial hates the Turkish sniper with a deadly hatred, the same hatred he feels for a snake, and it is to be presumed that the Turk has the same feeling for the Colonial. Just after the fierce fights in August I sat beside a sniper as he surveyed the Turkish trenches through a telescope. "Give us a rifle," he said. I handed one up and took up the telescope. A heap of our dead lay just in front of the Turkish trench and somewhat down hill. The boots and tunics had been stripped off many. Over the trench peered a head making an inspection with a view probably of looting when it became dark. "Bang" went the sniper's rifle, and the Turk's brains spattered the sandbags at his back.

A good sniper is worth a platoon of ordinary shots in many phases of the war game. Firing on to a main road he kills and wounds a lot of men, and often disorganises the whole traffic. Good snipers, too, demoralise troops. Men are being stricken down right and left. Unlike the machine gun or battery there is neither smoke nor noise distinguishable from the everyday sounds.

A Censorship of the Censor

By Alexander Campbell

WHILE the "Final Rally to avert Conscription" is taking place it may be said that one of the most urgent of other duties is the reform of the Censorship as now exercised. The Censorship is discharging its functions improperly and has become a grave menace to the successful prosecution of the war.

A Censorship of news relating to the military operations is necessary. There is universal agreement upon that point. But an institution which runs amuck in non-military spheres, suppresses opinion, garbles telegrams, and emasculates popular poetry, is an institution which is better quickly destroyed in this country. Can the Censorship be put into its proper place? That all-important question can only be determined by pressure of public opinion, led by newspapers. Parliament no longer exists as a critically co-operative assembly. It has degenerated into a state of gross servility. The House of Commons might as well conduct its pantomime in dumb show. Every awkward question is either evaded or shelved, and only a handful of men sustain these dutiful burdens which membership of the House of Commons imposes. The newspaper Press and public opinion ought, therefore, to deal with the serious peril of the Censorship—that is to say, a Censorship which abuses its privilege and its trust as ours has done. An exclusively "military" censorship we must have, but nothing more.

Those responsible for the conduct of newspapers might seriously consider the possibility of inaugurating a Censorship of the Censor as a first means of limiting the advancing powers of the Press Bureau, and by rousing public opinion secure a necessary statutory limitation of its sphere of power. A scheme might be drawn up which would effectively counter the encroachments and the usurpations of the Censorship. For, let it be remembered, this is a

necessary work. If we are to win this war success will not come out of the atmosphere of mystification and bewilderment (and falsity, one is tempted to add) which enwraps everything. Wherever you are, when the Censorship gets hold of the wheel Truth has often a "bad passage." It is beside the mark to blame newspapers for the present reign of darkness and distraction. If they had had a free hand instead of the footling people of the Censorship we should have learned the truth. In these times newspapers are not masters in their own house. They are only permitted to publish what the mind-readers of the Press Bureau determine is fit for communication to the supposedly invertebrate and hysterically inclined British people. It is general knowledge that the secondary function of the Press Bureau is to suppress all news calculated by its officials as likely to depress the public, and a theory sound enough to a degree in certain circumstances has been hardened into a dogma. What appears in the Press, therefore, represents the judgment not of skilled journalists but is a preserve made in the confectionery works of the Press Bureau. Those who are weary of the jam supplied by this department of State must address their complaints to the manager.

A distinguished military historian—a very shrewd judge of things—remarked to me the other day that the Censorship, as exercised in this country, had acted disastrously in every way. It has usurped functions which do not properly belong to it. Nobody disputes the proposition that a censorship of news dealing with military (and naval) operations is necessary; but beyond that there is no need for Censorship. Why should opinion be suppressed? Why should a great nation be almost restricted to a diet of half truths? From complaints which have appeared in newspapers it seems to be clear that the Censorship has suppressed honest neutral comment when it has been adverse to our noble selves. All that is "comfy," sweet, dainty, and favourable receives a great blaze of publicity; all that is the opposite is escorted into oblivion. Anything more mystifying in the realm of news than the published accounts of the recent Greek crisis I cannot conceive. To judge by the comment in the Paris newspapers French journals were all along in possession of the main facts; in Great Britain the news permitted

publication was such a jumble that editorial opinion was bewildered and lame. That is only one illustration. It is enough to say that the general impression in England is that all neutral States love us and are supremely confident that we shall win this war. This picture, based upon newspaper reports "passed for publication," hardly corresponds with the facts. One fails to see for what intelligible reason the Press Bureau has only permitted a chorus of congratulatory neutral praise to be heard in the land.

The institution of a Censorship of the Censorship such as I have in mind would be speedily followed by the elimination of the soothing syrup article by the "military expert." Our "military experts" have served up the most amazing nonsense under the guise of sober truth. The prophecies of some of these gentry have been staggering in their falsity. They have piled absurdity upon absurdity, yet to-day "experts" continue to enjoy a queer popularity. One of these, who a year ago had decimated the German Army with his own statistical battalions, still serenely deploys his tabulated columns in terrific onslaughts upon the foe. And there are others whose grotesque assertions are so palpably unreal that the sane person wonders if they were written in Cloud Cuckooland. A Censorship of the Censorship would confer a boon upon the nation if it agreed to suppress in the most ruthless manner the periodical cackle of those who see nothing in a British or a Russian reverse but a subtle plan of the Entente "higher command," or a grave embarrassment to the victor. It is obvious that the truthfully candid article of the military correspondent type cannot be expected from men who are not allowed to witness operations at close quarters, and that a balance sheet of results, so to speak, would be firmly "sat upon" at the Press Bureau. Informed and informative estimations of the situation must not be hoped for. Correspondents of British newspapers have paid flying visits to the "front" (as distinct from the "back"), but their writings leave the darkness as opaque as ever. Presumably they have to make the best of the situation in every way.

It seems singular that the Government should have made the difficulties of the Press as burdensome as possible and that it has not taken editors into its confidence. Would

a Censorship of the Censorship bring about a desirable alteration in these relations? It seems probable. The lives of the people of this country are not the toys of the Government to play with as fancy dictates, and people are beginning to question where formerly they quietly acquiesced. They think that the stereotyped answer of the interests-of-the-State-demand-silence species has been sadly overworked. It needs a rest. People are also a little sceptical about the official *communiqués*. They are beginning to tumble to the truth of the matter, that military *communiqués*, very frequently, are far from being a complete canvas. Yet the colours are agreeably disposed. The explicit announcements made in the *communiqués* of the Entente are, no doubt, accurate, and they are not fabricated after the enemy fashion. When the Entente announces successes through its various headquarters the results are not imaginary or exaggerated. All that is wanted is Truth all round, complete and candid.

This ground it is necessary to traverse in order to support the case for a Censorship of the Censorship. How can that be best brought into being? By an organisation of journalists which would censor news released for publication, and destroy all of suspect veracity. All the vapid nonsense, the inane and the false, would be thrown overboard. The dreary stream of lies from Copenhagen and Amsterdam, to mention two places, should be dammed. It would, in short, defeat the plans of those at the Press Bureau who look upon themselves as *entrepreneurs*, as people with a specific mission to "cheer up" the multitude.

I have seen a suggestion that newspapers should combine and defy the Censorship. The method is not clear, but I gather that the proposal would be for newspapers to publish important despatches (not relating to military matters) even when forbidden publication by the mandarins of the Press Bureau. It is difficult to see how such a scheme could be put into effective operation. The Government might reply (for the Government is deeply committed in this queer game of national hypnotisation) by holding up all telegrams until the Censor had given them his august *imprimatur*.

A Censorship of the Censorship is the better way out of the dilemma. The Press has supported the Govern-

ment in dark hours, but the Government responds with threats, suppressions, and prosecutions. This arrangement is really too one-sided, and until it is amended newspapers might well consider their special position. The enormous sums of money which newspapers have saved the nation by the gratuitous circulation of appeals from many Departments of State for help of all kinds represents a generosity which has been ill-repaid. Newspapers have loyally served the nation and the highest national interests, and to continue that splendid work it must subdue the ever-growing pretensions of the Censorship. It must fight this body in the highest interests of the national existence. Parliament will do nothing. It seems to have lost power and prestige. Moreover, as I understand, it hates the Press—except at such times as General Elections. At any rate, I read that the House of Commons cheered when Mr. McKenna announced the imposition of higher telegraphic rates for the Press, and that the cheers were representative of the disfavour with which the House of Commons regards newspapers. If this be correct it shows how mischievously the Censorship is operating, for the news in newspapers is officially passed for publication. If it is untrue or false the grievance should be communicated to the manager of the Press Bureau. It is he and his advisers who have determined the complexion of news. He does his best according to his lights, but his function is to suppress, and he never errs on the side of generosity. He looks at everything from the official point of view; I have been looking at the whole subject from the public point of view, which in the ultimate is vastly more important.

The title, "A Censorship of the Censor," is perhaps somewhat misleading, but it contains the best crystallisation of what I have in mind. Clearly, it could have unofficial status only, but it would embody the journalistic desire not to be participants any longer in the sorry business of duping the public. All news could not be subjected to its review; but it could proceed upon certain agreed lines and in accordance with a certain set of principles. It would be a Vigilance Committee of a new kind, but for once would not meddle with morals. It would deal with all official announcements upon their merits. (I do not refer to official *communiqués* of operations.) It would

not desire to harass the Government; the sole justification for its existence would be anxiety about the operations of the Censorship in "inducing" an unwarranted optimism and ignorance. This Vigilance Committee would not, on the other hand, forcibly feed the nation upon a diet of groans, recriminatory accusations and innuendo. It would endeavour to keep from public consumption adulterated news-food of all descriptions. That such a body would not be too cordially welcomed I have no doubt; it will be far better if the Government reforms the Censorship.

We must get on with this war, and we shall not get on with the business until the Censorship is dispossessed of powers which it is now wielding in abuse of an understanding with the State to the serious hurt of the nation's interest.

P.S.—Since the foregoing was written there has been a slight improvement in the liberation of all kinds of news by the Censorship, and Sir John Simon is understood to be at work upon the machinery of the Press Bureau to secure some improvements. The whole subject should be thrashed out finally, and Sir John Simon would be well advised to take into conference the editors of all the leading newspapers in the United Kingdom. The Prime Minister should be present, and there should be a full, free, and private discussion of the whole subject of the Censorship. If the Government and the Press can compose their differences by conversation the better for all concerned. The Government does not boggle about appealing to the Labour Party when in difficulties with industrial and social subjects; why should it not take the Press to its bosom in the same way?

The Chemical Industries of Germany

By Henry L. Heathcote, M.Sc.

". . . all the pure and noble arts of peace are founded on War . . ."
"War . . . the foundation of all great Art."
". . . you *must* have war to produce Art."
—RUSKIN, in "The Crown of Wild Olive."

TRUE, perhaps, of Italy, but not so of Germany. There war engendered Chemistry. That their chemistry, born of war, should now be serving in their ranks is as natural as it is inevitable. That this chemistry has long been "On War Service" is perhaps not so well known; but the history of chemical industry makes it certain at almost every turn of the page. True, its childhood was innocent. Germany had her alchemists not less than other countries, perhaps rather more, for their claims and fables appear to have received greater credence in Germany than in other countries. Böttger, a German alchemist, is reported actually to have produced gold in the presence of witnesses. Thereupon, we are told,* the two most powerful reigning monarchs in what is now Germany began to covet the person of the said alchemist. These were Frederick the Great and the Elector of Saxony. Through the agency of the Elector Böttger was beguiled to Dresden, seized, and detained. Here, after many fruitless attempts to make gold and many successful attempts to harden clay vessels by baking, the foundation was laid for the now world-famed Dresden works. This factory produces a brand of porcelain (often miscalled china), which has found its way into the homes of people all over the world. Indeed, at one time it was a mark of Culture to be the possessor of a Dresden shepherdess or other article of Dresden ware.

This factory flourished so greatly that Frederick the Great, with that interest in chemical industry which the monarchs of Prussia have so consistently manifested, decided to make porcelain at Berlin, and set the Court

* Professor P. F. Frankland, F.R.S., *Soc. Chem. Ind. Journ.*, 1915, p. 307.

apothecary to work. His attempts were, however, unsuccessful, and after thousands of experiments he was considered beaten.

But Frederick the Great had other resources. He it was, it will be remembered, who was prepared to take but *one* cook if he might count upon one hundred spies when going forth to war; and it was not long before his spies—then, as now, a sign of partial defeat—succeeded in discovering the secrets of the Dresden works. In this way was laid the foundation of the Royal Berlin Porcelain Factory. In 1912, about two centuries later, the value of porcelain, earthen and stoneware, exported from Germany was £3,556,000; and 359 factories were at work employing 66,000 workpeople. This porcelain is used in enormous quantities in British chemical works and laboratories; and at the outbreak of war plant valued at hundreds of millions sterling was thrown out of operation. Since then an inferior British product has been put on the market in small quantities.

Important as the porcelain industry is, the German glass industry is more so. The annual exports during recent years were valued at over £7,000,000.

Rather more than one and a half centuries ago Margraaf, a German chemist, carried out in true German style a laborious research to ascertain the distribution of sugar among the plants of the vegetable kingdom. He discovered that the beet contained most sugary matter and careful investigation showed that the sweetening material was identical with the sugar of the sugar cane. Fifty years later the cultivation of beet for the production of sugar commenced in Germany and was subsidised by Frederick William III. of Prussia. About this time, fortunately for Germany and particularly for this young industry, Napoleon issued his famous edict closing foreign ports to British products. This at once cut off their supply of cane sugar and showed Germany the all-importance of producing her own requirements. An enormous growth of the industry ensued. A growth which would not have been possible but for the work of chemists financed by State subsidies. Not only has the weight of beet per acre been increased by over 60 per cent. in forty years, but the percentage of sugar per ton of beet has been steadily increased

to nearly three-fold by seventy years' patient study as to the best soils and manures. By the gradual introduction of better evaporating stills and more efficient modes of heating, the fuel consumed per ton of sugar has been reduced in thirty-three years to about one-fifth.

Now as much sugar is extracted from beet as from the sugar-cane, whereas, formerly, it was all made from sugar-cane. In 1912–1913 Germany produced from beet £36,000,000 worth of sugar on 1,300,000 acres; and France £13,000,000 worth on 570,000 acres. Great Britain's consumption is valued at £23,000,000 annually, and since, with the exception of a small experimental farm, we are not in a position to produce any sugar at all, immediate action by our Government to facilitate supplies was necessitated when traffic with Germany ceased.

The production of cyanides can be traced to a lucky accident which happened nearly two centuries ago. A Berlin colour-maker, happening to use potash which had been in contact with bone oil for mixing with an iron salt, unexpectedly produced a fine blue pigment which we now know as "Prussian blue." The study and manufacture of this interesting substance led to the manufacture and study of other cyanides—notably potasssium cyanide. This substance has laid the foundation of many new industries, *e.g.*, the electro-deposition of brass, gold, silver, and is used for the extraction of gold from its ores, and hardening steel. Before the war Germany was producing half the world's production of cyanide.

Sulphuric acid is among chemicals a veritable Gulliver among Lilliputians. One might almost say that sulphuric acid is to the chemical industry what tools are to the engineering industry. It was discovered in Germany, but it was in no less a place than Birmingham that it was first produced on a commercial and useful scale about one and a half centuries ago.

This early ascendancy soon made us ascendant in the manufacture of substances requiring sulphuric acid, notably soda. True, soda was first manufactured in France, but at the Revolution the inventor, Le Blanc, had to suffer for it and his works were broken up. Then the manufacture of soda by Le Blanc's process was commenced in England and is still one of our most important chemical industries.

But to return to sulphuric acid: wherever it is made three things are required—sulphur dioxide, air, and water. Air and water are cheap enough and sulphur dioxide is easily made by roasting iron pyrites, which is so cheap that it is considered an impurity even in coal and reduces its value. The only difficult part is to effect the intermarriage of the sulphur dioxide and the air. We know it takes place gradually in the atmosphere, for annually many tons of sulphuric acid descend on Manchester and other large towns.

The method at Birmingham was to employ huge lead-lined chambers and to accelerate somewhat the union by oxides of nitrogen; but it is difficult to obtain acid so made free from lead and arsenic (from the pyrites). The dye factories in Germany led to a great demand for very pure and very strong sulphuric acid. Accordingly the Badische Anilin- und Soda-Fabrik of Ludwigshafen-am-Rhein took the matter up. Starting with the discovery of an English chemist made about eighty years ago (viz., that platinum will make sulphur dioxide and air unite) their chemists, by dint of consummate skill and untiring patience, overcame obstacle after obstacle and achieved a victory for technical chemistry which will ever be a classic in the Homeric annals of science. Sometimes they found they were using too little air when they ought to use much; or heat when they ought to use cold. Plant after plant went to the scrap heap. Then they were met with a most deadly enemy in arsenic—which poisoned the platinum, and the investigators were faced with the necessity of removing every trace from the roasted pyrites gases. That they won through is shown by the revisions and recent improvements that have been made in the chamber process, by the frantic search for new markets, by the huge dividends of the Badische Co., and by the fact that the new plants that are being laid down in this country are for working the contact process or slight modifications of it.

	Germany.	England.
Production, 1910,	1,250,000 tons,	1,000,000 tons sulphuric acid.
,, ,,	400,000 ,,	700,000 ,, soda.
Consumption ,,	786,000 ,,	93,000 ,, saltpetre.

It will thus be seen that Germany has already caught and passed us in the production of sulphuric acid, although we

still retain our old position so far as the production of soda is concerned. England and Germany together produce half the world's supplies of sulphuric acid and soda.

The manufacture of bleaching powder, of which great quantities were used for bleaching cotton, was at one time the monopoly of Great Britain, it being one of the industries which for chemical reasons located itself near the all-parent sulphuric acid manufacture. By the employment of electricity the Germans broke up this happy little family, and carried off the best looking of the daughters, and now one-third of the world's consumption of bleaching materials is produced by Germany, mainly by the electrolysis of solutions of common salt.

Here, again, extraordinary difficulties had to be faced. The chlorine, to make it portable, had to be liquefied. Hardly anything withstands chlorine; rubber, gold, platinum are all attacked at once. When the gas is quite *dry*, however, the action does not take place. Pumps were required to liquefy the chlorine, but oil could not be used, as chlorine under pressure acts on all known oils. Finally, cast iron was used for the metal parts and oil of vitriol to lubricate them, and in this striking way was the direct production of portable chlorine for bleaching and extracting gold made possible.

Another industry which is the outcome of electro-chemistry is hydrogen manufacture. Produced by the electrolysis of sodium hydrate, hydrogen is now used for a great variety of purposes, including: welding, soldering, filling balloons, making quartz fibres, fusing ruby dust into large rubies, making artificial rubies from alum, making artificial sapphires, also for hardening fats in the soap industry. Corundum is made from alumina; ruby from ammonia alum plus $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of chromic acid. Blue sapphire is the same, but with magnesia, titanium oxide, and iron oxide instead of chromic acid.

Such artificial gems have the same chemical composition, density, refractive index, colour, hardness, and lustre as the natural ones. Synthetic gems are now manufactured to the extent of six million carats (over one ton) annually.

It is sometimes said that Germans can imitate but not originate. As a general statement this may have some truth in it, but the country that succeeds in making money

even out of other people's inventions will certainly command due respect.

To Carl Auer von Welsbach, an Austrian, is due the credit of inventing two of the most important improvements in regard to illumination. The first was the gas mantle impregnated with thorium and cerium nitrates in the proportion of 99 to 1 respectively; the second, which Jacob-like bids fair to oust its elder brother, is the metal filament lamp.

In Germany at one time 150 millions, and even now no less than 135 millions, of gas mantles are consumed annually; America comes next with 60 millions; England consumes 38 millions; France 16 millions; and Russia only 1½ millions. Despite this, Germany made, in 1912, 76 million metal filament lamps.

In these industries the first advances were made by the investigation of *oxides* with very high melting points, particular attention being given to the colour and intensity of the light for a given supply of heat. The gas mantle actually gives out more light than one would expect from the available temperature, a fact which is ascribed to the oxides helping the combustion like platinum helps the combination of sulphur dioxide and air. The Nernst lamp, a German invention, has had only a short-lived success. The metal filament lamp is the result of investigations with *metals* of very high melting point. Platinum melts at 1750° C., tantalum at 2300° C., osmium at 2500° C., and tungsten at 2850° C., *i.e.*, 1100° C. higher than the melting point of platinum. So high is the melting point of osmium that one way of making it into filaments is to coat platinum wire with it and then volatilise the platinum and leave the osmium behind.

If, however, we are to understand German chemical industry and all that it means we must know something about their dye industry.

In all countries the last part of the university course in chemistry is a course of *synthetic organic preparations*. It is rightfully considered the most difficult part of the work and calls for scrupulous care, great patience, and resources of a high order. No amount of baseness in her conduct of the war will ever quite eclipse, from the chemists of all nationalities, the greatness of Germany's achieve-

ments in organic chemistry, the most difficult of all chemical work. In Great Britain alone before the war we consumed nearly two million pounds' worth of German dyes per annum, and now the supply is cut off trade valued at 200 millions sterling per annum and the livelihood of one and a half million men are affected.

In 1901 the capital invested in German dye manufacturing was about 2½ millions sterling. Six of the largest firms employed together about 500 chemists, 350 engineers and other technologists, 1,360 business managers, clerks, travellers, etc., and over 18,000 workpeople. *Now* in Germany, 12 millions sterling are invested in dye factories and the dividend paid is 28 per cent. Add to this an *annual* exportation of dyes valued at 10 millions sterling and an annual production worth 12½ millions, *i.e.*, equal to the capital invested—and we begin to realise what a stupendous business this is *for Germany*!

In 1896 India exported £4,000,000 worth of indigo. In 1913 the total was £70,000 worth, and this is the result of Germany's manufacture of artificial indigo which commenced in 1897.

The synthetic indigo has enormously depreciated the price, so not only does India grow but a negligible fraction of the former amount, but what she does produce has to be sold at an insignificant price, and it is not overstating the case to call this an economic revolution. Since the war comenced indigo has jumped up in price from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* per lb.

The fate of the indigo industry in India has been the fate of the alizarin industry in France. In 1870 50,000 acres were under cultivation for growing madder from which alizarin was obtained. Already in 1900 the French industry had disappeared, and four-fifths of the world's production of synthetic alizarin was being made in Germany.

And what is the spirit underlying this dye industry—what is the hidden purport of it all? In answer to this I will give two quotations.

In 1878—seven years after the Franco-Prussian War—Professor von Bayer of the Badische Co. said:—

"Germany, which in comparison with England and France possesses such great disadvantages in reference to

natural resources, has succeeded by means of her intellectual activity in wresting from both countries a source of national wealth. Germany has no longer to pay any tribute to foreign nations, but is now receiving such tribute from them, and the primary source from which this wealth originates has its home, not in Germany, but in England."

He goes on to emphasise the significance of the fact that "the chief industrial nation and the most practical people in the world have been beaten in the endeavour to turn to profitable account the coal tar which it possesses."

The wresting of wealth from other countries by "intellectual" means has developed into a settled policy, and a successful policy too, as the dye industry proves.

How determined they were is shown by my second quotation. In the Badische Co.'s Directors' annual report in 1901, the last year I was in Germany, they say:—

"As regards plant indigo, the directors are prepared and determined to meet this competition in all its possible variations in value. Much strange matter has been published in India as to improvements in the cultivation and preparation of natural indigo, but the illusions of the planters and indigo dealers are destined to be dispelled before facts, which, although they are not known to them, will make themselves more felt the larger the production of artificial indigo becomes."

I do not know if my senses deceive me, but *I* cannot contemplate Germany's chemical industries without seeming to hear the distant tramp and muffled drums of the German host. Look around, what do we see—India's indigo industry dead, England's dye, glass, chlorine, and acid industries dead or dying, France's dye plantations gone—surely enough to show that a lethal weapon far more insidious than a 42-cm. howitzer has been at work! These might well be the offspring of Kultur and Militarism: they bear the features of both!

Not without purpose has the German State fostered chemical industry. State-aided chemical industry runs like a vein of gold through the State-craft of Germany, and if ever we learn what Kultur means we shall find, I think, that German chemical industry is its vital part—the fact on which so much fiction is founded.

Another of Germany's chemical industries which reveals

the mailed fist is the production of nitrogen compounds. We have often heard of the threatened exhaustion of the world's stock of coal, but although certain to come sooner or later, it will not be in our lifetime. On the other hand, the world's stock of fixed nitrogen, which is absolutely essential to life, will be nearly exhausted in ten years' time. So certain is it that when I was in Germany sixteen years ago their chemists were already at work trying to make fixed nitrogen from the free nitrogen in the air. Since then many processes have been put into operation, notably at Nottoden in Norway, where enormous electric arcs, generated by water power, are used to make fixed nitrogen by burning the nitrogen and oxygen of the air into oxides of nitrogen. These are absorbed in water and lime, yielding respectively nitric acid and calcium nitrate, the latter of which can be used for manuring instead of the Chili saltpetre which will soon be exhausted. These works in Norway belong to an international syndicate with a capital of £5,000,000, of which Germany was a member.

In Germany a less direct but, at present, more efficient method has been evolved. Nitrogen from the air and hydrogen are compressed together at 500° C. to 200 atmospheres in contact with osmium or uranium. The result is ammonia. In presence of platinum ammonia and air burn to form nitric acid, and this process has been brought to such a degree of efficiency that Germany has withdrawn from the international syndicate—doubtless convinced that when the time arrives she can capture the world's trade in fixed nitrogen. That she means to do so is indicated by the fact that quite recently the German Government has subsidised this manufacture to the extent of no less than £10,000,000.

No doubt these processes will be worked hard during the war, for Germany, during 1912, imported about 800,000 tons of Chili saltpetre and will want greatly increased quantities for the manufacture of explosives.

A writer to the *Times*, who has seen one of these plants, computes that it is now producing nitric acid at the rate of 100,000 tons per annum.

If these figures have succeeded in suggesting that the chemical industry of Germany, and *ipso facto* of other countries, is a matter of national concern, they have served

their purpose. That this industry can be used in an almost unique way to assail the wealth of other countries is proved beyond question by the facts of history. This is a phase of the question which may or may not appeal to us as Englishmen. What is certain to appeal to us about chemical industry are its economic possibilities.

Herbert Spencer has taught us to look to biology for our social precedents. It does not require much knowledge of biology to tell us that there are in the main two forms of life—the animal and the vegetable. In the vegetable kingdom we find a limited and localised chemical activity in the growing stem and root tips and in the cambial layer just under the bark, the bulk of the mass being the static products of past activity. In the animal kingdom we find just the reverse; physiological activity everywhere and every part in a state of chemical disintegration and re-integration; and since this is the department which has attained the highest degree of evolution we must expect that State which shows the greatest activity in the production and utilisation of chemicals to take the lead, and this, whether there be protection or free trade, armament or disarmament.

We came near to realising this some years ago, and sent Deputations and Commissions to Germany to study their methods. Their reports and the report of the L.C.C. Technical Education Board led to a boom in technical education. Technical schools ran up like mushrooms; universities followed suit; continuation schools multiplied like bacteria; but just when the science cure was beginning to operate a herring was drawn across the track: "Fiscal Reform"—warranted to cure all industrial ailments with one dose. Lengthy consultations were held and prescriptions drawn up; but, as usual, the doctors did not agree, and the patient, British Industry, was left to itself, *sans* palliative and *sans* cure.

The fact is, neither technical education, nor fiscal reform, nor State aid availeth anything unless they be combined, and combined in just the right proportions.

For instance, dye manufacture has been tried in many countries, but it has not flourished anywhere except in Germany. What, then, are the factors which go to make

the German dye industry the success it is? I will put them in what I consider their order of importance.

(1) *Laboratory Research.*—It took Adolf Baeyer fifteen years' research to complete the investigation of the chemical constitution and synthesis of indigo.

(2) *Works Research.*—The Badische Anilin- und Soda-Fabrik spent £1,000,000 and took seventeen years to make the manufacture of indigo a commercial success. Among other things they had to start the synthesis all over again in order to utilise the cheapest raw materials then available.

(3) *Technical Employees.*—In one German works alone there were, in 1913, 7,680 workmen, 374 managers, 307 expert chemists, 74 technologists, and 611 on the commercial staff; and the workmen are described as *methodical* and *docile.*

(4) *State Aid.*—The reports from the Front and cases in our hospitals show how effectively the Germans have utilised the resources of their chemical industries during the war, but it is perhaps not so well known that their chemical and physiological resources have been organised to meet the problem of supplying the nation with sufficient food while outside sources of supply are cut off. The method is interesting not only as a giant example of the German method of approach, but of the remarkable stores of information at their disposal. Briefly it is to calculate from the minimum quantities of proteid matter and heat-forming matter required to keep one individual alive the total physiological *requirement* for the whole nation per annum in tons of proteid and milliards of calories. The next step is to ascertain from the amount of proteid and heat-forming matter in each type of food, and from the amount of each available, the total *available.* According to their calculations the results are :—

Nutritive Values.	Proteid in thousands of tons	Calories in milliards.
Physiological requirement ...	1605·0	56750·0
Actual use before the war ...	2307·0	90420·0
Available if present conditions remain unaltered	1543·0	67860·0

They then proceed to suggest a number of alterations and economies with a view to increasing the amount of

proteid matter available. For instance, the food that is given to pigs contains about twice as much as the pigs yield when killed, so the wholesale slaughter of millions of pigs is advocated to render all the proteid and heat-forming matter in their food available for the population. The recommendations, together with their nett yield, are tabulated below :—

	Proteid in thousands of tons	Calories in milliards.
Alteration of cattle keeping ...	217·3	2878·0
Avoidance of waste	80·0	5675·0
Prohibition of corn as fodder ...	78·3	2741·0
Increased use of skim milk and skim cheese	48·8	250·9
Potato drying	18·9	1112·3
Limitation of butter production	14·8	110·4
Cultivation of moors	10·4	592·0
Prohibition of the production of alcohol from corn	4·7	68·6
Preserving of vegetables ...	3·6	93·0
Preserving of fruit	1·7	147·5
Prohibition of the production of wheat-starch	1·3	5·2
Plus available supply under present conditions	1543·0	67860·0
Less sugar used as fodder ...		283·1
Total available if the means recommended are carried out ...	2022·8	81250·8

Whether all these economies can be effected is questionable, but the fact remains and will remain that whether at war or at what he is pleased to call "peace" the German is a chemist, and as I now truly believe a militant chemist.

National Policy and Principle

By Austin Harrison

The establishment by the mailed fist of a "Central Europe" signalises the realisation of the Pan-German policy. For many years the "House" of Austria has been the problem of Germany, the Germanisation of which, wrote Paul de Lagarde, who was the father of Pan-Germanism, must always be "our vital question." The great Austrian struggle—Pan-Slavism *versus* Pan-Germanism—which for decades has bewildered European statesmen under the term *Ausgleich*, or compromise, has at last been solved, as the best observers always predicted it would be solved—by war: by the creation by force of a Central Europe stretching from Hamburg to Mesopotamia, where, according to the Oriental saying, everything grows, "from the vine to the date-palm."

This is actually the Pan-German dream and shows how rapidly Germany has travelled since the days when Bismarck declared he "did not read the Constantinople Courier." It is the reason why the Germans desire peace. They want to consolidate their newly-won "Central Europe," which they themselves describe as a syndication of States under German predominance, compelling the adhesion of all the States "on its fringe," the whole forming an ethnographic Trust or Customs Union for purposes of (*post bellum*) commercial warfare, obviously mainly to be directed at us on the lines attempted by Napoleon.

True, this new German-Austro-Hungarian League remains a project until it has obtained its *imprimatur* through peace, nor need we concern ourselves further with this "closer union" seeing that it is the unswerving purpose of the Allies to break the German military power at its roots; all the same, its formation, or attempted formation, is of profound significance to us, and the clearest indication we yet possess of German intentions after the war and its effects, as Germans see it, upon Europe generally.

We went to war with the cry on our lips: "War to end war." To-day the Germans are hoping to obtain peace on the vantage ground of war to *make commercial war*. That is what Central Europe stands for. In all essentials it is the exact realisation of the Central European *Zollverein* advocated by Frederick List as long ago as 1841, which has been the programme of Pan-Germanism ever since. It is interesting in this connection to turn back to a German prognostication written in 1900. In those days, when every German professor tried his hand at the ethnographic reconstitution of Europe, the "Great German Customs Union" invariably figured as the aim and function of Teutonic hegemony. The Union was to comprise (1) the great German League, (2) the Baltic Principality, (3) Poland, (4) Roumania (as buffer against Russia), (5) Turkey. It was, of course, with this end in view that the Bagdad Railway was planned; it was this policy which has determined Germany's support of Turkey from the day that the Emperor went to Jerusalem to anoint himself champion of Islam.

Now the Germans consider to-day that the Pan-German aim has materialised. Austria-Hungary is not in a position to protest. Through war the well-known Prussian attitude has manifested itself to her Ally: "Kiss me or I crush you," and there is no alternative. Once more it is the work of "blood and iron." As the Mark rose by force into Prussia and Prussia rose by force into the German Empire, so to-day the German Empire seeks to rise by force into Central Europe, and so dominate and dictate to the world.

And the Germans reckon that enough blood has been shed, and that the time has come when the Allies should acknowledge German supremacy and allow the "manure of German culture" to spread and fructify.

In plain words, they are ready for peace in order to develop and apply the economic war which, according to German policy, follows the flag, and which, if by any chance the Allies suffer them to assert, would make the Kaiser economic and military dictator of Europe.

So much for Central Europe. So much for the illusionists who cried that they fought to "end war." So much for the Free Trade visionaries who believed that Germany would see the error of her ways, and that Europe, as a

result of the war, would disarm and fraternise, Plutocracy mating with Democracy in the healthy selfishness of a common pacifist socialisation. So much for the Temple of Peace. The Germans have learnt nothing. If they seek peace, it is to make war. In the establishment of Central Europe we indeed have the lesson of the war, which can best be answered by the overthrow of the German armies this year, next year, or in the years that are to come.

Central Europe means the Pan-German *Zollverein*; means economic war as the certain result of any inconclusive peace; means hideous armaments, fierce racial and commercial competition and hatred; means a Europe divided into two irreconcilable economic antagonisms, the sole solution of which is again war on an even greater scale than to-day.

We know, at any rate, what Germany is fighting for and has already proclaimed as an accomplished fact; the question arises, What are we doing to frustrate this menace, what, in short, is to be the national policy towards it and the principles which govern its dictation? Obviously we must have a policy. More obvious still, we must compound on the principles of that policy. Manchester cannot cope with Central Europe. To drift, to leave things to chance, to trust to competitive individualism, to know the danger of the gigantic economic union now being formed to combat us and yet take no counter-steps—this is lunacy. And the danger is tremendously real. We cannot afford to "Wait and see," as we did before the war, otherwise we shall be faced, in the event of an indecisive issue, with a situation such as confronted us in August, 1914, when war "took us by surprise." If we are not very careful, peace will take us equally by surprise. Before we know where we are peace will bring about commercial war, and instead of "business as usual" we shall be caught napping "as usual," and it may be there will be no trenches then to save us. That is the problem awaiting us failing absolute victory over German arms. As in war preparation is two-thirds of the battle, so in peace. The question, therefore, to us is one quintessentially of policy: What is to be our policy, what are to be its principles?

The objection, of course, will be raised that this is "looking ahead," which is an attitude foreign to our genius;

also, no doubt, that it assumes too much, the war not being over and the certainty of our issuing victorious being accepted. But that is the worst of reasons. In war there is no certainty till one side or the other has capitulated. To argue like that is merely a repetition of the lawyer's device, "Wait and see." To me it is unthinkable that we shall return to the old casual ways and methods; that we shall, again, leave the most vital questions of policy and Empire to the whim or prejudice of this or that politician; that we shall come back from the war to pick up the bits we left behind in docile gratitude to Lord Haldane.

There is only one safe way to look upon Central Europe, and that is to prepare to meet it now.

The question is of enormous importance, nor is any solution of it possible unless and until we are nationally decided upon principles. Briefly stated, the problem is this: Are we, after the conclusion of peace, to shake hands with the enemy and resume relations; or are we to have a true National-Imperial policy barring out the enemy from our midst?

It is the principle which matters, the methods will follow automatically. But in this country we have no national policy. Our party system precludes the possibility of any single national direction. Now the one party has it, now the other. Even such questions as the strength of the Army and the Navy have been left to party sophistication. In the domain of trade and commerce our whole attitude is opposed to national system or control. In the home of individualism and democratic casualness, policy tends to become more and more the chance of personality, while personality sympathetically tends to become more and more democratic or flaccid. That is, of course, why there seem to be no "men" in England to-day. The lawyer, or skilled compromiser, has the ear of the majority; it is his reward and our price. And this is the penalty of government by consent. We have no rulers. We have no Government. We have no policy. As Lord Haldane has cynically expressed it: "It is not our way to trouble about possible emergencies until they come. . . . If its leaders were penetrated with ideas the democracy would soon be penetrated also."

The obvious answer to that is that if Democracy was

as penetrated with ideas as it ought to be, leaders would be a superfluous luxury, for we should have attained to the perfect state, which is a *reductio ad absurdum*. Quibbling of this sort will not help us. It was largely our lack of a national policy which brought about the present war—the lawyers here trusting in Germany, the Germans trusting in the logic of our lawyers' indecision. Both went wrong because both deceived one another. Now we have to make up our minds whether we are to run the risks of being deceived again.

At the present moment we know that the gentlemen who deceived the country are still in office, many of them individually the avowed friends of Germany prior to the war, many of them still so acting that we must fain believe they are the friends of Germany to-day. The presence of a German lady in the War Office in the sixteenth month of the war is alone one of those damning facts which show how little our leaders understand the meaning of a national policy, how little may be expected from them. What, then, do the people who speak of a national policy mean, when the whole machinery of State and democratic custom is ranged against such a policy and the very principle it denotes? Here it would seem time we did some straight thinking.

It is no use agitating for "England for the English" if, when peace overtakes us, we are still crying in the wilderness of individualism, competitive interest, commercialism, and "the open door" without a policy and without a principle, in the hope that the Germans will be too shy to return to our shores, any more than it is the smallest use talking of capturing German trade if, to take one example, our dyes are as inferior to Germany's at the end as they were at the beginning of the war. To talk of ousting the Germans from their places, of purging our life of German influences, of commercial or social boycott without a system, without a policy or clearly-defined principle, is mere waste of time. England is honeycombed with German interest and influence. No patriotic movement unsupported by Governmental authority will avail either to keep the Germans out or to dispossess those that are within. The Germans will creep back: into our offices and high places, into Parliament and our public life. Only a national

policy can shut them out, based on principles endorsed by the Parliament of the country. Only the assertion of the national will can give us such a policy.

What, then, is to be its governing principle? Let us look at a few of the problems, first and foremost of which is the question of nationality. There is the case of the unnaturalised German; the case of the naturalised German; the case of the British-born German. Logically there is no difference between any of the three categories. The man who voluntarily denies his country can never be a patriot, for he is either false to his own country or false, as a man, to himself. What are we going to do?

We shall have to take a decision about this question of nationality. Humanly speaking, it is almost inconceivable that a naturalised German or even a British-born German should think and act as an Englishman, should not to-day in his heart lean towards Germany and wish to save her, should be able, in short, to dissociate himself from his blood tie and Fatherland. There is dishonesty in the very idea. It is an insult to these men to attribute to them such perversity. I cannot imagine myself, for instance, in any possible conditions forswearing my country. I cannot understand the nature of the man who can denationalise himself. As a fact they rarely, if ever, do.

We know that from America; for President Wilson has discovered this "perfidy" to the land of God. The Germans remain German. War, which touches the primitive instincts of man, has revealed this truth to the world. Though most of the Germans who people America fled from their country as exiles and with bitter hatred in their hearts, the bone of their bone persists true to origin and nationality. They are Americans, sure, but German-Americans. I respect them for it, they make no secret of their sympathies. If in the New World they have found place and fortune, their pulse reacts true to the instincts of their native land. In a word, we know where we are with them. For the first time America has learnt the lesson of her interracialism. Yet they are not really dangerous, because naturally, proudly, and sympathetically they admit they are our enemies in time of war: every brave man can salute his enemy.

But with us this is not so. Here we have made a pretence of regarding "our Germans" as honest renegades.

It has been our vanity to flatter ourselves that the Germans who come over here are not like other Germans. All this is illusion, just as the talk about the "quick-change" American citizenship has proved illusionary. The truth is that we live on an island in serene ignorance of Continental people. We did not know even that the German naturalisation laws provide especially for a dual nationality, for purposes of espionage and military utility. We knew nothing of the unexampled patriotism and pride of race animating the Germans. We were just taken in, as the Government was taken in—by ignorance, by that peculiar form of English vanity which refuses to face facts and probe things to their source.

From the day of the outbreak of war, no naturalised German can honestly have hoped for our victory, and I much doubt whether any British-born German can have fallen on his knees and prayed for it. It is not right, it is inhuman, to expect it. The German, naturalised or not, who sincerely wishes to see Germany overthrown, is a Frankenstein of a man, neither fish, fowl, nor red herring. What are we going to do about him—after the war?

What is to be the principle determining our policy? Take the case of a naturalised German running a big business. Or our German Privy Councillors. Or the Germans with money in the Press. Or the politician German, *more* Ignatius Lincoln, curate, spy, and M.P. for Darlington. Or the cosmopolitan German Jew with "houses" and interests in England and Germany. Or our titled Germans. What are we going to do about these gentry?

In their own despite we must come to a decision. It would be unfair to leave these gentlemen to "face the music" after the war, the sport and buffet of fortune, exposed to all the petty annoyances of an embittered nation fighting among itself as to how to treat them. We saw the effects of indecision, which led to the internment of Germans early in the war. We don't want any more anti-German baitings and bally-ragging. What are we going to do? Shall we forgive and forget, or shall we learn and act like men?

Of course, much will depend on the issue of the war, the nature of the peace, the illusions that are won or shattered. I imagine if we win outright we shall be fairly magnanimous, but what if we have an inconclusive peace?

Central Europe bristling with tariffs against us? A still more frenzied era of armaments in front of us? In short, Germany wounded and sullen, dreaming and preparing for the revenge?

It is not easy to picture this country living on hate no matter what sufferings we may have endured, for hatred is a passion, and it is not our habit to live on the "top note." That the Germans will, we may take for granted. But business men are talking of "No Germans wanted," and the public, with that ingenuous docility which is the characteristic of our modern Democracy, are vaguely expecting that "something" will be done, or should be done.

They will expect in vain unless they take the matter in their own hands. The various "anti-German" associations forming here and there will exercise no influence until they make the German question a matter of urgent national policy, and until they define the principles which are to guide its application. I confess I see enormous difficulties in the way of any national policy of the kind indicated. The whole idea is antagonistic to our policy of Free Trade, the open door, individualism—Manchester, and will be fought by all the cranks and sophists and pro-Germans of Britain. The lawyers, naturally, will wish to compromise, to avert an issue, to treat the whole matter juridically. It looks as if the "German" question may be as acute after the war as it was before it. At the present moment we haven't so much as an attitude by which to focus it.

To preach chaotically a trade boycott is the merest nonsense, *unless*, as a nation, we organise such a boycott, defend our markets by a wall of punitive tariffs, and ourselves *adopt* German methods of technical and commercial education. Manchester, no doubt, will demand the free market and German goods as usual. What are we going to do? We may be quite sure that Germany has been preparing her *post bellum* trade war which will take the offensive on the morrow of peace. Unless we are *ready* to fight her, to keep her out of our markets, to block her policy of infiltration, we shall succumb to her onrush and her cheap goods, her synthetic dyes and sympathetic chemicals, her cups and saucers, her toys and pianos, her superior trade methods, system, education, and State organisation, and even her fuses again, as surely as Central

Europe is to-day working to shut us out from the markets of the Continent. There is no disputing this. The moment war ends, we shall all want things. Without a policy we cannot keep German goods out. What are we going to do?

Art, too, is profoundly affected. Take the case of Sir Edgar Speyer; he did a great deal for music in London. Is he to come back and run Queen's Hall? We know from Mr. Asquith's letter to him, in the face of one of the greatest snubs ever offered to a Prime Minister, that he, at any rate, has no national scruples. Take the case of Germans who possess shares in English newspapers—are they to be allowed to hold them, should they be allowed to? Will Englishmen be suffered to subsidise German newspapers—after the war? Have they ever been allowed to?

These questions can only be answered nationally. The danger to a State of citizens who in war revert to the land of their origin has been clearly demonstrated in America, where it will certainly lead to a complete change of policy and attitude, and in all probability of the laws of naturalisation. It is our problem too. We cannot afford to neglect it. "Never again!" must be our watchword in this matter. But if so, we must have a true national policy, and unless we begin framing it now, we shall be confronted with "just a little too late" in the usual way and with the usual results.*

Under Free Trade, no national economic policy can be carried out. So much is obvious. That is the crux of the matter. The Germans are already preparing to ship their goods by way of neutral countries and marked neutral. Behind that stands Central Europe.

What are we going to do? So long as we have Free Trade and Manchester economics nothing serious in the way of a national policy can or will be done, and no one knows that better than the Germans here, who hope to resume connections when peace is declared—and confidently expect to. To shirk that fact is ostrich policy. Individual protests will serve no useful purpose so long as the principle of the open door is upheld. As a British-

* At this moment there are naturalised Germans in the Board of Trade. Till recently, Mr. Tennant's secretary had a German name. These people may be admirable; I am sure they are; but so long as we have exceptions there can be no national attitude.

born German magnate said pathetically to me the other day: "The worst of all this German militarism talk is that we shall come to look on the Germans as lepers and refuse to trade with them."

Quite so. But shall we? Can we refuse under the principle of free imports? The answer to that is: No. It brings us down to the root of the entire question, which is that of the principle. If we are to fight Central Europe after the war, we must change our *laissez-aller* principle, and, in place of Manchester, place Britain. We can fight Central Europe successfully by means of an All-Allied economic union, not otherwise, but that will mean the end of Free Trade and the proclamation of a real national policy.

It will never be done under the present Government. It can only be done by the formation of a National Party, composed largely of men of the business world, pledged to a National, as opposed to the old Party, policy. And that can only be done if we begin to organise now and to educate opinion accordingly.

There is no alternative. The first thing is to agree about the principle of such a policy. Such a policy will demand new men, young men, men free from all Party and stock political prejudice. I believe myself it is the greatest thing that we in England to-day have to work for, and that, if we fail to attain to it, this war will have been fought in vain utterly.

Those who imagine the Germans will change their skins as the result of war are living in a fool's paradise. They will change nothing; rather they will emerge more fanatically military, ambitious, determined, and revengeful, assuming always that they are defeated.

The greatest question in England to-day is our attitude, actual and prospective, towards Central Europe. It lies in the lap of the business community. They alone can inspire and organise a national policy. They alone can decide whether England is to issue from the war whole, alert, and national, or go back to her old shibboleths and illusions under the tutelage of the Germans and the pro-German politicians who all but succeeded in strangling her. It must either be the open door or the shut door. Any half procedure will only become a party question subject to the usual party influences.

Law *versus* War

By Austin Harrison

The speech of the German Chancellor disposes of the peace talk, as also of the "*negotiations*" tentatively promoted vicariously, here and there. Its only other significance lies in the Chancellor's statement as regards the calling-up of human material, thus dispelling the man-famine myth, seeing that the Chancellor could not have made such a statement in the Reichstag in the face of Socialist criticism, had it been false. We know, therefore, where we are. Peace has failed, as the Huns quaintly lament, because the Allies don't admit defeat; don't follow the "rules" which they have taught us to break.

About this peace agitation one or two things should be noted. First, it is clear the Germans want peace. They want peace, not because they are exhausted—that is far from being even approximately true, whether as regards men or material—but because they reckon they have technically won; that is to say, they have opened up the way to the East, which for decades has been the aim and ambition of Pan-Germanism. The Germans are a peculiarly obtuse, simple people; never by any chance do they see the other side, or the "second soul," as Goethe put it. Having smashed their way through at the cost of the little peoples of Belgium, Poland, and Serbia, they now wish to consolidate the new positions, and no doubt are extremely puzzled, not to say mortified, that the Allies do not accept their philosophy of brute force and ratify the new map of Europe demarcated by Hindenburg, Mackensen, Falkenhayn, and the Kaiser under the oriflamme of "Almighty God."

All idea of peace must therefore be abandoned. Harden, who knows pretty well what he is about, has told

the Germans so; they have 20,000,000 pigs—*schön!* it is enough. The naïve German who thought he had only to batter Europe on the head for a year to terrorise her into submission is to-day chewing his war-leek, and it is not the sweet vegetable he contemplated enjoying when sixteen months and a bit ago he sallied forth to imitate Napoleon and "free" the mouths of the Danube and "old Father" Rhine. "War is war"; it is the Germans who are learning that lesson to-day; it is not the privilege of Hohenzollern divinity. And war in the conditions of million armies, trenches, and the terrific defensive superiority of modern weapons, no longer leads to the copybook decisions of *Kriegsspiel* or Sedans. Nations are no longer *defeated* on the field by the fate of a section or professional part of their population: they are wiped out or they fight on to victory.

Characteristically, this, Bismarck's heritage to Europe, the Germans overlooked when the bugle sounded for the "Day." Now it is our logic, our answer, our manifestation to the world. So far, militarily, the Germans have won—it would be mere moral cowardice to deny it; on paper, they claim the reward. They forget that paper means nothing nowadays, that the war was fought over a "scrap of paper," that Bernhardi's law—annihilation—holds good for us as well as for the Germans, and that until one or the other side is defeated peace is neither an object nor a desirability. The Germans set out to compel the subjection of Europe. They themselves have taught Europe to fight; they have given Europe her reason and her inspiration. To-day that reason is ours. It is we who have caught the inspiration of war. It is we who are preparing to fight predatory Germany with the means and principles of Bernhardi. "In war only decisions count," he wrote. It is so. It will be so in this gigantic upheaval of the nations. And it is this condition of war which the Germans have called up and which threatens ultimately to engulf them.

Here the question arises: Who, then, thought of peace outside, perhaps, the City? When in doubt it is wise to turn to the obvious, in other words, to Lord Haldane.

But Lord Haldane is not in the Government, it will be objected; Mr. Asquith has stated that Lord Haldane is not employed. Technically, that probably is correct. Anyhow, we know that Lord Haldane recently went to France; now see what has been published in the German Press about his movements.

The Swiss *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* has shown itself consistently well-informed; it said this: Lord Haldane visited the "front" in order to slink off quietly to Paris, where he conferred with "two very important" people, and perhaps with a third. Naturally, the nature of the *pourparlers* remains a secret. But "Lord Haldane is the confidant of Mr. Asquith and Sir E. Grey," he arrived in Paris when things were "not working smoothly" between the Allies, he is supposed to have gone to Paris to ascertain "how far the French were inclined to consider the desirability of discussing ways and means for opening up peace negotiations."

Lord Haldane! That is what Swiss papers think of Lord Haldane's "mission." It is well worth our attention. The man who went to see the Kaiser and came back "somewhat uneasy" is said to have gone uneasily to Paris—to see what he could do to patch up peace; this War Minister, who had to leave his post when war broke out, so utterly suspect had he become; this "advocate of compromise" whom the public ingenuously believes has been clipt of all power of interference because he no longer sits on the right hand of Mr. Asquith.

The Haldane mystery is like the Masterman mystery. It should open our eyes. At the first blush of peace, off goes the discredited ex-War Minister abroad, while shortly afterwards Mr. Masterman sits down and writes an article which receives the *imprimatur* of the official *North German Gazette*. We see that Lord Haldane is still a "missionary," whether with or without a portfolio. And we find this little piece of (Christmas) see-saw mechanism: when Harden tells the Germans not to expect "too much," Lord Haldane appears in Paris; and when Harden informs the Germans that the war will go on, Lord Haldane sinks once

more into that metaphysical obscurity which seems to lie on the borderland of Downing Street and Whitehall.

Such would appear to be the story of the peace-blossoming of our discredited and indefatigable ex-War Minister out of employment.—England's passion-flower. The canny lawyer who knew all about the Germans before the war and yet told the people that the Kaiser was the Prince of Peace, and for his sins and to his shame was therefore driven from office, he it is who is utilised to "try for" peace, even as he once before tried his hand at the rubber, to be promptly snubbed by his friend, the Kaiser. We ought to understand what this means. It means that, despite all that has happened since August, 1914, Lord Haldane is perhaps quite as influential in the inner ring of the irresponsible outer circle of coagulated coalescion as he was in the heyday of his apogee when England and the Prime Minister looked up to him as the "great German authority." It means that Haldane is still Mr. Asquith's right hand man; still chancellor of the nation's destiny, though himself "in chancery," actually and potentially the spirit and spiritualism of the Government. It means that Haldane is the man to watch, and it may be the reason why General Joffre has suddenly assumed the position of Generalissimo of the French Armies.

Synchronously with the peace rumbles, a curious war sensation has arisen in the shape of an arrangement come to with a Danish Trust apparently neutralising the so-called blockade which an ignorant public believed was as absolute as the power of the Navy and as bloodless as it was effective. Hereby there hangs a tale. It concerns the "Freedom of the Seas"—the fighting issue between England and Germany—and plainly it has its origins in the American attitude towards this question and—submarines. In theory and practice it amounts to our part return to the Declaration of London, which sanctions the right of neutrals to free trade on the seas; in a word, we have reaffirmed the "juridical nicety" of the jurisconsults as the expression of sea power.

It is a decision of vast potential significance. In 1871

Lord Salisbury said of the Declaration of Paris, which was a mild form of "entrenching neutral rights" in comparison with the Declaration of London: "I believe the Fleet, valuable as it is for preventing an invasion of these shores, is *almost valueless* for any other purpose."

He was right.

This "freedom of the seas" is the meaning of the recent American Note and, indeed, the entire American attitude. Result: this arrangement; we are allowing Germany to be fed; law has triumphed over war.

Lord Cecil has declared it is a satisfactory arrangement; if so, why this secrecy? Why is Parliament treated like a girls' seminary? Why is the country kept in the dark? The effects are growing more and more ominous. We find this paradox. Lord Cecil, the Conservative, defending law as against the might of the Navy—and might is the only logical right in war which is the negation of law—whereas the Liberals, who think we are fighting this war for the international "open door," for freedom of the seas and human liberties, for the democratisation of "secret" diplomacy and that human reason which alone can educate the people to grasp and develop the idealism of world-peace—it is the Liberals who view with dismay this secrecy of the Government, and are themselves perplexed at this compromise on the principles of sea-power at what looks unpleasantly like the supineness of the legal mind in the face of a little pressure presented with a commercial "brief."

We have returned to Cobden, to the principle, that is, that war is the relation between State and State and not between the individuals of those States,, which is the exact obverse of the German military attitude. It is not logical, it is not war British Navalism is the only logical counterpoise to German Militarism; the only argument, the only weapon. We have surrendered it. We have surrendered it because we are in the hands of lawyers instead of soldiers; because in their muddle-headed attempts to codify Utopianism they are neither true to their own beliefs as idealists—John Burns was: he resigned—or would-be

creators, nor true to themselves as the leaders of soldiers: who, in war, must be destroyers. It has been their weakness ever since they came into power. Before the war they neglected war because they trusted in peace, to-day they are again neglecting war because, as idealists and not practical men, they shy at the enforcement of Navalism, while, with their tongues in their cheeks, they cry for the destruction of German Militarism.

That is the position. They have compromised on the German-American demand for "freedom of the seas" like lawyers. To do them justice, they have been logical to their cry against Militarism. They have sacrified the *means* for the end in accordance with German-American claims, and so Tirpitz has reinstated Cobden. This is the explanation of their unwillingness to reveal the nature of the compact. Parliament, the Army, the Navy, the Public would hardly understand this experiment in "international law" in the middle of so appalling a convulsion. The Navy might refuse to "stand by" under such civilian control. Like mutinous Tirpitz and his submarines, we might have sailors here who would interpret the new codification of the "freedom of the seas" as the betrayal of Britain's interests.

In principle, it is a great surrender, however idealistic it may prove to be in the larger interests of mankind. It is nothing less than a signal victory for Germany, who for years has insisted upon the principle, and ever since the war began has preached to the neutral countries that she, Germany, is fighting the battle of freedom—immunising neutrals and the rights of neutrals from naval operations on the seas. If Germany, *per contra*, would surrender her law of militarism there would no longer be any reason in the present war, and we might all return to our vocations. Unfortunately, there lies the rub. Germany has made no such surrender. She could in effect only do so by quitting France and restoring Belgium, and calling a truce to examine the whole question of European nationality and the various rights involved. She has not done so. She is unlikely to do so, unless we force her to. The philosophy of force has its logic, too, and can only be defeated by superior force. Our attempt once more to

fight war by law may be magnificent, the question arises, Will it shorten the war, will it help us to win?

The freedom of the seas means the exemption of commerce from the operations of war so long as it does not take part in them, and this exemption is to apply to the commerce of belligerent as well as of neutral countries. That is the principle. In effect, it neutralises a blockade, as Lord Salisbury foresaw. It is significant to note that our acceptance of this principle, however partial or limited, tallies with the line of thought formulated by what may be called our intellectual pacifists, of whom the most distinguished exponent is Professor Lowes Dickinson, of the Cambridge group. That the Government are to-day following this set rather than purely military considerations is thus proved, but quite apart from the right or wrong of their decision the fact remains that in so acting they have taken an academic step of a transcendant party nature unknown to their own party, unknown and unsanctioned by Parliament. A more important military step has never in the history of this country been taken with such autocratic indifference to Parliamentary authority. At the very moment when Liberals of all shades are clamouring for democratic control, as against the secrecy of Foreign Office absolutism, Mr. Asquith quietly signs away a basic principle of sea-power and refuses point-blank to tell us anything about it. King John never did more.

Were Mr. Morel in office Mr. Asquith could not have ridden more rough-shod over principle or acted more *despotically*. That is the point. Mr. Asquith has accepted the formula of President Wilson, who, in his third *Lusitania* despatch, contended that Germany and America were pressing for the freedom of the seas and would feel obliged "to contend for that freedom without compromise and at any cost." We have done this without visible guarantees or return on the part of Germany. We have compromised like assessors of the Union of Democratic Control—undemocratically, since Parliament has never been consulted, and the Navy has, under our system of civic control, no right of say in the matter.

"Shall we," said Pitt in 1801, "give up our maritime consequence?" and he called on Englishmen to resist the doctrine of the immunity of the neutral flag "to the last shilling and the last drop of blood." That was how we fought Napoleon. To-day Mr. Asquith relaxes our "consequence" unknown to Parliament and England. Sir E. Grey not long ago hinted at such a surrender. It is to-day a partial fact. Mr. Asquith is Prime Minister. What is Parliament? Clearly the only business there to be done is the concern of its charwomen.

Turning to the minor operations of war, we find little but mystery and disappointments, whether in Mesopotamia or Macedonia. In Gallipoli we are not allowed to know what has been decided; meanwhile German shells are arriving on the Peninsula, and the situation looks as grave as it can look. The Salonika Expedition failed, as it was bound to, because our *political* promise of honour was not militarily put into execution until it was too late. It is the Governmental refrain; yet Sir E. Grey, who made the promise, has not been punished; no man can be made responsible under the delicious irresponsibility of the Haldane-Grey Foreign Office *régime*.

Our whole Balkan diplomacy has been a scandal from beginning to end. We laid the fault of our initial failure in the Dardanelles on Greece; then we made the shameful offer of Cyprus to her; what we are doing to-day we are not permitted to know. It is a policy of self-illusion, of weakness, of frantic attempts to catch time by the forelock—because our lawyers cannot be made to understand that in war only force avails, only results count, and not the least bit in the world the pious protestations or hackneyed rhetoric of politicians at home speaking from leather armchairs or Lord Mayor's Banquet tables. The Salonika failure is the direct result of political interference in war, which forced the soldiers, with their keener sense of honour as against their professional judgment, to embark on a recognised futile expedition. In the present war failure after failure has come from this cause. Yet Sir E. Grey continues serenely in office and actually sits on the new War Council, as if he was in no way responsible for the

mistakes and omissions which have enabled Germany to settle the Balkan question at her own free will, and so secure her first real decision in the war.

It is the result of the opportunism which springs from the Manchester school of politics. Always the Liberal idealism is to barter, to buy in, if one offer won't do to make another. We counted on Roumania, we counted on Greece; we still count on buying these people in, regardless of the fact that force alone will determine their actions, and that if we fail to show that force, tenders of "bakshish" only shame the party which makes them, and only serve the German cause. The result of these mistakes threatens to materialise on or about Christmas. I trust Sir E. Grey will be able to digest his turkey. In the country the stuffing will be bitter-sweet.

The terrible thing, which is the paradox of the situation, is our blindness to see that our English system has failed, and must fail where national effort is required, the principle of our life being individualism, which is the antithesis to organisation and co-ordination. It was concisely put in Sir E. Carson's letter in the Press (December 13th). Referring to the proposal to prolong the life of Parliament for another year, he wrote: "I think the House and the country will do well to remember that in assenting to this proposal they are doing so with a knowledge that they are being kept, not only in complete ignorance of the military situation in the various theatres of war, but also of the policy of the Government as to the use to be made of our supremacy at sea." That is the tragedy. From Ministers we have only had claptrap. Thus Sir J. Simon's schoolboy swank that one volunteer was equal to three conscripts and "the Kaiser knew it." Nothing shows more pathetically the incompetence of our Ministers as vulgar talk of that kind. No remark has done more to discredit us in the eyes of Europe where the value of National Service is universally understood. As Sir E. Carson says, the country is quite ignorant about the war. And now that French writers have been brought over to "write us up," it is likely to know less. The result is that the patriots who are trying to bring about a more vigorous and responsible prosecution

of the war are reviled as "hysterical" or mischievous, whereas the folk who were criminally wrong about the Germans before the war, including the greater part of the Government, now get all the kudos going, whereas, if we were in the least bit logical, the place of most of them would be on the lamp-posts. Meanwhile Mr. Asquith sees no reason to reduce Ministerial salaries, and why should he, seeing that we have only Ministerial opinion in the country?

But our remarkable lawyers have placed one thing to their credit, which should aid the successful prosecution of the war. Their Danish agreement, at any rate, explodes the newspaper "famine" illusion with diagrams, illustrations, and statistics of our poet pen-warriors. There can be no German *famine* now, because we have removed the means to secure famine. Poets, essayists, amateur strategists, please note. The famine "bogey" is dead. Our Foreign Office has killed that goose. All statistics on the subject can now be thrown in the waste paper basket. Perhaps that was the reason of the rush to the colours at the eleventh hour. The spirit of Britain is right enough. Perhaps even that is why our clever politicians stopped the famine pressure. Who knows? We know so little of the war. Yet we do know this. Peace is out of the question. The war goes on. The Germans are being fed. We are going to have a "black" Christmas. Yet even as we "wing" our Navy, the spirit of England rises, and it seems to be epitomised in the patriotism of a new man, a stout Welshman, of the name of Stanton.

How Long can German Credit Hold Out?

By Raymond Radclyffe

If, as most of us believe, "action and reaction are equal and opposite," then surely the collapse of Germany is imminent. Throughout the whole of nature we find that the more rapid the growth the quicker is the decay. "Ill weeds grow apace." Germany before the 1866 war was financially weak and politically of less importance than Austria. It has been customary to date German power from 1870. But from a financial point of view the growth did not begin till well in the 'eighties. For example, the Bankers' Clearing House returns for 1883 were 887½ million marks. They did not get over 46,000 million till 1908. The trade of Germany in 1883 was about 6,573 million marks, whereas in 1911 it had risen to 17,811 million. Naturally, the astounding growth in trade followed closely upon the increase in the population, which in 1883 was only 46 millions and is to-day 65 millions.

Germany before the 1870 war was a poor country. Those who remember the Rhenish Provinces twenty years ago can see the complete change that has come over the land. Immense industries have sprung up as if by magic, villages have been turned into cities. Berlin, which in 1880 only had a million inhabitants, now boasts of 3,700,000, including suburbs.

How has German wealth increased in this astounding manner? Who has found the capital to open up coal-mines, build railways, ships, docks, factories, and all the paraphernalia of one of the most important commercial nations on earth?

The answer to this question can be found in the elaborate system of credit which has been developed in Germany during the past twenty years. There is nothing like it in the world. The nation began its existence as "the German Empire," very poorly supplied with either

wealth or credit. In 1876 the Reichsbank was not a really great bank, and its turnover was under 37,000 million marks. But before the war of 1914, in spite of some thousands of banks having been brought into existence, it was more than ten times as much. The need for credit was great and it was met. At the time of the Franco-Prussian War the Schulze Delitzsch Co-operative Credit Societies numbered 740, with 314,656 members, and each year this organisation extended, piling up loans on bills, mortgages, promissory notes, until to-day the amount lent out to its members exceeds 4,500 million marks lent to 620,660 members. This organisation for making small loans finances through the Dresdner Bank. There are numberless similar organisations in the Empire; the total membership is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions. There are no available statistics in connection with the Raiffeisan Societies, and therefore it is not possible to find out the amount of money loaned by Co-operative Credit Societies outside the Dresdner group. There are in all about 32,000 societies; all of them do not lend money, but at least 18,000 are actively engaged in financing their members and have a turnover of 25 milliard marks. Statistics of 1,710 societies who specially cater for agriculture have given their members credit to the extent of about 35 million marks. So urgent was the demand for credit and so difficult was the task of providing this credit that in 1895 a Central Genossenschafts Kasse was established. It is practically a Government Bank, and occupies the same position in regard to small credits as the Reichsbank does towards large credits. Its success has been prodigious. All the small credit societies needed a central bank in which they could place their surplus funds or at which they could finance when needed. In its first year the total transactions only amounted to 141 million marks. In 1907 this figure had risen to 13,281 millions, and was still rising when war broke out.

There is not a village in the Empire in which the small trader, the farm labourer, the peasant proprietor cannot borrow his hundred marks. The system is elaborate and the value in days of peace undoubted. But in war, what guarantee is there that these small loans will ever be repaid? The members deposit their savings with the societies and receive interest upon the money. The managers of the societies are always in keen competition

one with the other and they are also anxious to find the most profitable outlet for their funds. In war there is a double danger. The savings of the depositors are locked up in mortgages on property which has depreciated, mortgages which cannot be foreclosed, and in National Loans which cannot be sold. The network of credit societies, in which one half of the poor have put their money and the other half borrowed it, depends for its solvency upon peace and progress. Their elaborate regulations never conceived a day when factories would be closed, members shot down, and export trade at an end.

But these co-operative credit societies deal with the very small people. They do not touch the middle class to any great extent. But the merchant, the large shopkeeper, the prosperous manufacturer also needs an outlet for his savings, needs credit for his trade. This latter he obtains through the larger banks, with which I will deal presently. The outlet for his savings he obtains through the mortgage banks.

These mortgage banks are common enough on the Continent, but not popular in England. Their method is very simple. A man having made money desires a house. He selects a plot of land, pays a deposit, and borrows the money from a mortgage bank, which in turn issues a bond which it sells through one of its agents. These bonds have always been looked upon as practically gilt-edged, and their market price usually remains steady, for the law allows a mortgage bank to buy its own bonds. The banks must get the property, whether it be land or buildings, properly valued, and should only lend up to two-thirds of that value. There are about forty such banks selling bonds and lending money. They have lent about eleven thousand millions, mainly upon urban property. The bonds they issue are so well thought of in banking circles that they are readily accepted as collateral for loans by the great German banks. This is, of course, piling up credit in a dangerous fashion. A plot of land valued at 3,000 marks is bonded at 2,000 marks and the bond pawned for another 1,000 marks, so that if the land has been valued in a year of boom, and, naturally, the bulk of the business is done in such periods, we get a credit of 3,000 marks on a plot which may prove to be only worth 1,500 marks. The surplus assets of the mortgage banks are in most cases

locked up. Cash is in some of the banks an item hardly noticeable. For example, with nearly 12,000 millions of marks of bonds issued, we find only about 70 millions of marks in cash. The banks must, of course, make losses, especially in days of slump. House property and blocks of building land, flats and factories will depreciate most seriously in war time. The banks are supposed to write off such losses from their reserve funds; but as the bonds issued amount to about twenty-nine times the amount of the reserve funds, it will be seen that the reserve is more or less fictitious. It is not represented by cash, but by loans, bills, and other securities, and it is also to be debited with the money received upon deposit, which is a serious item in some mortgage banks, and in the accounts of a series of forty-one banks amounted to 222 millions. The position of the mortgage banks of Germany is dangerous indeed in times of peace. What must it be in a European War?

The German nation is thrifty in some respects. If it is fond of borrowing, it is also fond of saving, and the Sparkassen, or savings banks, hold nearly 20,000 millions of marks. The amount per head exceeds that of any other country in the world. In 1910 the savings per head were 258·50 marks, as against 98·25 marks for Great Britain, 114 for France, and 185·47 for the United States. But in Germany there is practically no limit to the amount a man may put in a savings bank. In Prussia there were, in 1906, no fewer than 267,015 people whose deposits were over 10,000 marks, and at least one-third of the deposits in German savings banks exceed 600 marks. The money is not, as in Great Britain, used for State purposes, but is lent out on mortgage to the extent of about 60 per cent. About 10 per cent. is lent to corporations, and about 30 per cent. invested. So here again we have a huge mortgage upon property.

The great banks of Germany supply credit to the rich. They take deposits and lend out their money on bills, go into partnership with merchants, traders, and manufacturers, and generally take an active interest in the progress of the nation. They are admirably managed; but they, like all the rest of the credit institutions, are apt to trade upon too little cash. They do not reckon to carry more than 10 per cent. of their deposits in cash, though since

1911 they have much strengthened this item. No recent figures are available, but 158 banks, each with a capital of more than a million marks, had deposits of 9,413,088,000 marks and cash 673,413,000—or a shade over 7 per cent., as compared with 25 per cent. held by British banks.

The example of the great German banks is followed by almost everyone in Germany. The large trading concerns like the A.E.G. carry big cash balances, but the bulk of the business of Germany is done on credit. There are 4,265 limited companies whose figures are generally available. Their paid-up capital is 10,413 million marks and they have issued 3,220 millions of bonds.

Germany is mortgaged to the hilt. Its wealth has been guessed by Ballod at 270 milliards of marks. But who can say whether this is any sort of security for the load of mortgage under which the country groans? A thousand millions sterling of paper money has been added to the burden since the war began. Holders of land, property, stocks, shares, raw material, etc., etc., have gone to the Darlehnscasse and the Kriegsbank and taken up loans. The amount is not known and cannot be known till the war is over. Every available gold piece has been extracted from the public and placed in the Reichsbank. Every mark of scrip has been pawned with the banks for the purpose of applying for War Loan. The huge interest debt on the mortgages is paid in paper money, which now stands at $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. discount, and which must steadily depreciate as the Empire buys goods from Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. These countries will in the end drain all the gold away.

Who can be surprised that the President of the Reichstag says Germany is prepared for peace? The Germans are shrewd. They have been living upon credit ever since 1870. They have been piling mortgage upon mortgage, bond upon bond, and they have been paying the interest by borrowing more money and by the profits made on the export trade. That profit has been cut off by the war. German export trade has been killed. Her merchant marine lies idle. Her factories only work for the Government, and take paper in exchange for services. The gigantic system of credits built up during the past twenty years has now brought its Nemesis. No nation can live upon credit.

Books

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Alice in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. Illustrated by A. E. Jackson. Henry Frowde, Hodder and Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

"Alice in Wonderland" turns up annually, but this time with some curious coloured illustrations by A. E. Jackson, which have a quite particular merit and far and away above the ordinary thing turned out for Christmas. The human portraiture of the animals is delightful. Altogether this is one of the best "Alice in Wonderlands" we have ever seen.

The Red Book of the War. By Herbert Strang. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Fighting with French. By Herbert Strang. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Worst House at Sherborough. By Desmond Coke. Henry Frowde, Hodder and Stoughton. 5*s.*

Herbert Strang's "Red Book" tells a youngster all about the history of the war, the different operations and methods of warfare, and the combatants engaged. It is the very thing he wants; never for a moment dull, and full of excellent illustrations. His "Fighting with French" is a war romance of the right kind, adventurous and stimulating.

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ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Music and Musical Instruments of the Arab. By F. Salvator-Daniel. Edited by Henry George Farmer. William Reeves. 5*s.* net.

This book—written for scholars by a scholar—is pervaded with a curious flavour. We confess to a total ignor-

ance of the science, and a total inability to appreciate the charm, of Arab music. At the same time, we confess to being considerably entertained by what the ill-fated author has to tell us; it is so full of suggestive side-lights, it takes us so completely out of the common rut of things. And Mr. Farmer, to whom we owe this translation, has convinced us, by his sympathetic life of Salvator-Daniel and by what he modestly terms his own "Notes," that he is the right man for the task of interpreting both the author and his Arab musicians.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

THE JOLLY DUCHESS. By CHARLES E. PEARCE. Stanley Paul. 16*s.* net.

The "Jolly Duchess" is jolly good reading. Mr. Pearce has saturated himself with his subject; he oozes this old theatrical and social gossip in a delightful, non-professorial fashion; he makes us regret that we were not born in those lively times between 1777 and 1837, that we never encountered those lively figures that clustered about Harriot Mellon, Duchess of St. Alban's. A really entertaining and informative piece of work.

LETTERS OF CAPTAIN ENGELBERT LUTYENS. By SIR LEES KNOWLES, BART. The Bodley Head. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

Unquestionably, a volume that all lovers of Napoleonic literature will cherish. It may well be true, as the author says, that "during the captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena every day is accounted for"; yet the fascination of Napoleon's character and career is enduring, and these pages, moreover, testify to the fact that conscientious and discriminating students like Sir Lees Knowles are enabled, even at this hour of the day, to put their hands upon fresh material. Such are these carefully edited and indexed letters of Captain Lutyens, that throw a new light on the declining days of "General Bonaparte" and his entourage —above all, on the discreditable figure of Hudson Lowe. How a beautiful volume like this can be produced for 10*s.* 6*d.* is a puzzle—a puzzle which we must leave editor and publisher to solve. It contains, by the way, an inter-

esting letter, hitherto unprinted, dealing with the death of Napoleon, and written by Ensign Duncan Darroch.

SOCIAL

THE INEQUALITY OF HUMAN RACES. By ARTHUR DE GOBINEAU. Translated by DR. ADRIAN COLLINS, M.A. Heinemann. 5*s.* net.

A topical book, although written so long ago as 1853 and inevitably out of date, in parts. It forms a worthy companion volume to Gobineau's "Renaissance," which appeared in English not long ago. Though the editor is assuredly right in calling it "a youthful and somewhat bewildering performance," we cannot help thinking that thoughtful Englishmen, pondering on the present European catastrophe and striving to get at the source of things, might do worse than study these pages of the diplomatist, aristocrat, and philosopher. Reading between their lines —reading, also, the brief and trenchant foreword by the editor—they will assuredly learn something to their spiritual advantage.

WAR

THE ANGEL WARRIORS AT MONS. An Authentic Record. By RALPH SHIRLEY. Newspaper Publicity Co. 1*d.*

For the modest sum of one penny you can read about these phantom-warriors; you can read, that is, what one or two ladies have garnered from the lips of certain military eye-witnesses whose names are not revealed. We wish they had been. An affidavit coming from a reliable source would have been more convincing than a wilderness of this hearsay evidence. Not that we are impugning, in a general way, the credibility of divine apparitions. If an angel appeared unto Abraham under the oaks, there is obviously no reason why an angel should not appear unto Lance-Corporal Richard Snooks, of the 69th Punjaub Pushers, somewhere in France. On the other hand, we have grave doubts as to whether it is advisable or expedient to publish these records at the present moment; we think that, so long as the war lasts, the less said about celestial

helpers the better. What is the Censor doing? For it surely does not redound to the credit of our troops—in fact, it is a distinctly ignominious confession to make—that the battle of Mons might have been lost but for the intervention of heavenly warriors; that a handful of angels, armed with *bows and arrows*, had to supplement the efforts of English soldiers utilising all the most modern appliances of artillery? The authorities at Headquarters, of course, may be trusted with information of this kind; it is their duty to guard official secrets; but we cannot help thinking that the general public ought to be maintained in the fond illusion that our brave Tommies held their own, unaided by the obsolete weapons of these exotics. There is yet another aspect of the matter to be considered. To profit by the services of a flying squadron of angels may suit the convenience of the British Government, but if the fact leaks out, the Germans are sure to begin their old complaints about hitting below the belt—about the Allies employing Gurkhas, Senegalese savages, and other "outlandish auxiliaries." And that would be rather awkward, after all the hard things we have been saying about them lately. *Videant Consules.*

WITH MY REGIMENT. By "PLATOON COMMANDER." Heinemann. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

Some of these things originally appeared in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, and now that they are published in book form they quite justify the impression we formed at the time, that they were quite distinctive cameos of active service. The writer has a real literary talent, and in a quiet and unobtrusive way attains effects of great charm and at the same time of veracity, the latter, perhaps, the most difficult thing in war. We accordingly recommend this book.

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